the ALTERNATIVE: AN AMERICAN SPECTATOR

The Master of Malarkey
by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Peter Rusthoven
on the Bicentennial

Paul Seabury
on Affirmative Action

An Interview with Calvin Coolidge
by Vic Gold

June/July 1976 • Volume 9, Number 9

The Continuing Crisis

■ In the past six weeks two politicians have emerged from the obscurity of the provinces to become Presidential front-runners, and one politician has bumped his historic head twice as he waved his way into his helicopter.

■ The identity of the politician with the lumpy noodle is well-known, as is the identity of the Republican front-runner. But the identity of the Democratic front-runner remains enshrouded in a prodigious fog of pharisaical vaporings, and therein resides the key to this unctuous yahoo's success. Of late the average Americano and the Washington journalist have been burnt so horribly and with such appalling regularity by their political Messiahs that they are now ready to opt for the one candidate least forthcoming and most obscure. Their man is Carter: the poet of Plains, Georgia. Of his politics he has said next to nothing; ten years of tumult have reduced many Americans to pursuing the politics of chance.

■ What Mr. Carter has told them is that: he loves them and their country, he wants to be President more ardently than anyone else in the race, he has never lived in Washington, he hates evil and loves good. What Mr. Carter has done is devote two years to studying: every national campaign since the forties, every Congressional district, and every useful poll. He has come closest to mastering the Democrats' cumbersome and idiotic nominating process and he has set up the only professional campaign staff in the country. He has convinced vast numbers of voters that he is the only nonpolitician in the 1976 race. For the first time since August 9, 1974, the old *joie de vivre* is wafting from the wilderness of San Clemente, California. Admittedly the *joie* has its old oddball starchiness; but it is *joie* nonetheless. For in Carter's triumph the political practices of Richard Milhous Nixon are being vindicated, and Mr. Nixon is grateful.

■ Turning to matters more dignified than politics, a puritanical federal appeals court held that the widow of a remarkable man who died while engaged in "a sexual act" is entitled to an insurance award of no more than $19,000. Apparently the Fourth U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals failed to appreciate the vigorous sexuality of Mrs. Sandra T. Runge's husband, who passed on to his reward while engaging in "an unusual autoerotic practice in which he was seeking to heighten the experience of masturbation by stimulation of nerve centers in the brain through the asphyxial process." As Mr. Runge had voluntarily placed his head in the noose that killed him, the court agreed with the Metropolitan Insurance Company that Mrs. Runge was not entitled to accident compensation, a melancholy ending to the marital bliss of the Runges, and another example of America's Victorian hangups. In Denver, a member of the Colorado House of Representatives who surely is in cadence with such judicial opinions attempted to end pornography and hellishness when he introduced a bill that would outlaw "any ultimate sexual act, normal or perverted." At this writing the bill may be in trouble with civil libertarians, but it is attracting favorable comment from the zero-growth cabal.

■ The *Washington Star* reports that some exciting new hair preparations are being marketed. That the ingredients include extracts from human placentas has discomfited some buyers, but producers of the hair preparations have attempted to assuage them by hiring one of Washington's leading logicians to confect a devastating retort: "If it's good enough to hold a baby inside mommy's belly, it's good enough to put on somebody's hair"—obviously the work of a Kennedy aide.

■ The Ku Klux Klan took heart when the Utah state legislature passed the first segregation law in the United States in nearly thirty years. Henceforth, restaurants and other public buildings must segregate cigarette smokers in special areas away from the general public; businesses refusing to abide by the law are subject to fines and their owners to incarceration. And Mr. Leroy Taylor, a director of the Five-Day Stop Smoking Plan of Canada, died under curious circumstances. Mr. Taylor was the victim of a motel fire begun when a cigarette mysteriously ignited a mattress near Mr. Taylor's room. The Soviet Union's Twenty-fifth Party Congress concluded on an optimistic note when it was announced that next fall boutiques in the USSR will feature babushkas in six lively colors.

■ "The remedy was the police, not a hail of bullets," pronounced Judge Joseph S. Forma primly as he imposed a $200 fine on Henry McEachin, 55, the Buffalo, New York laborer who had wounded Mr. John L. Funderburg, 29, on the evening of January 17, when Mr. Funderburg bashed in Mr. McEachin's door at 1:15 a.m. and assaulted Mr. McEachin and members of his family with a toaster. Such is the quality of intellect presiding over the city court of Buffalo, but compare it with the wisdom of the learned Judge Charles Richey of the U.S. District Court. He it was who rekindled memories of the great Chief Justice John Marshall when, in deciding that an employee may not be fired for resisting her employer's sexual advances, added the colossal *obiter dictum* that said employee would have had no grounds for her suit had her employer been bisexual and made demands on employees of both sexes. And the April issue of *Corrections* magazine reports the glad tidings that there are now more men and women residing in state and federal prisons than at any other time in our nation's history.

■ Miss Louise Lasser, the star of "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman," was arrested for the possession of illicit drugs when she became boisterous in front of a Beverly Hills, California boutique. She was promptly freed on $1,631 bond, as loyal fans all over the country pondered the suspicious circumstances of her case. After all, just what does constitute boisterous behavior in a Beverly Hills boutique? Elsewhere in the Los Angeles area, 60 police, aided by two helicopters, appeared uninvited at the Mark IV bath house and rounded up 39 men and one woman wearing horn-rimmed glasses during a quiet "male slave auction." An enormous pother ensued when it was discovered that the arrested lady was none other than Miss Jeanne Barney, the intellectual editor of *Drummer*, a cultural beacon for those Los Angeles aesthetes devoted to the "leather life-style." Said the unflappable Miss Barney, "There was horseplay, but it was a gay event, a fund raising event." Just so, and police reported that the night's events included a series of "unbelievable sex acts." They confiscated whips, chains, leather garments, and a wooden punishment stock which has aroused concern from Los Angeles consumerists suspicious that it may be in contravention of existing OSHA regulations. Such disregard for public health and safety standards could give a black eye to the entire homosexual movement.

■ On April 8, the world witnessed the pathetic spectacle of a great world leader reduced by economic adversity to attending an affair of state on a bicycle. This infamy occurred when Major General Juvenal Habyarimana, president of financially troubled Rwanda, landed at Kampala International Airport for an economic summit with the president of similarly troubled Uganda, and was met by General Idi Amin wobbling across the runway on a bicycle—a sad moment made all the sadder by the fact that the source of both countries' economic miseries was not shot by the time he reached the airplane. On April 26, Mr. Howard Hughes died, the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence died, and ten Australian Boy Scouts claimed to have helped 1,081 elderly women across a Sydney street in five and a half hours. In Kinshasa, Zaire, Secretary of State Henry Kissinger contracted gastroenteritis after a voluptuous feast of wild boar, roots, and smell weed soup.

■ Just three months after England's Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals ordered his owner to desist from feeding him beer, Geronimo, the world's largest land snail, died in his London shell. In Teesside, England, Mr. Gibbon Hedley was given a five-year jail sentence for one of the most interesting and courageous murders in the annals of English crime. Aftering hearing that his wife had slept with another man, Mr. Hedley stuffed explosives under his coat, hung a battery detonator around his neck, stepped up to the alleged Casanova, and detonated the charges. Unfortunately for Mr. Hedley the explosion only gravely injured the two men, and Mr. Hedley—though bloody and depressed—perforce staggered over to his victim and thrashed him to death with the aforementioned battery detonator.

■ Finally from Senator Walter Mondale's office comes the implausible excuse that he did not know an excerpt from his book, *The Accountability of Power*, was to be published in *Genesis* along with such *avant garde* stuff as "The Erotic Diary of a Nympho Cheerleader." I say the Senator just wanted to ensure that his essay was read by his colleagues. Judge for yourself.

—*RE*

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Editorial/R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

The Master of Malarkey

Every charlatan knows that the easiest swindles are always put over on the stupidly corrupt, the dull riffraff of the world. That is why it is so difficult to admire the attainments of Henry Kissinger, Ph.D. He has spent nearly eight years duping the most willing marks in the Republic, to wit, the congenital gulls who populate the Washington press corps, the halls of Congress, and the intellectual salons of that incomparable city. Had he spent his life selling aphrodisiacs to high school boys or tracts of Marxian mumbo-jumbo to college students, I could have warmed up a little admiration for him. But Dr. Kissinger practiced his arts in Washington, a city whose population thrives on really idiotic delusions. Poor Washingtonians patronize palmists. In fact Washington has more professional palmists than any other city of its size in the country, a phenomenon little noted by local pundits but plainly observable to astonished visitors from more civilized parts. Rich Washingtonians patronize a much wider assortment of outlets for fantasy, starting with hundreds of units of the federal government and ending with spurious French restaurants that have more in common with the late Stork Club than with the Tour d'Argent. Dr. Kissinger's molting career can be explained solely in terms of Washington's delusions.

I can think of no other city in either hemisphere where pretense is so lofty and talent so scrawny. It is the domain of the fourth-rater, abounding with fourth-rate chiselers, fourth-rate liars, fourth-rate thieves, and more lawyers per square foot than Lompoc, California. Architecturally and culturally it is somewhat suggestive of Little Rock. Intellectually it is at one with Yellow Springs, Ohio, the location of Antioch College. And socially it is a vast stew of ravening ambition, imbecilic values, and prehensile behavior. Its sole indigenous industry is the production of empty rhetoric and costly confusion. After the most exacting contemplations, I can think of no more than eight useful and dignified individuals living within its bounds, and I am loath to divulge their names for fear that by doing so I may expose them to imminent bodily injury, perhaps even harassment by a Congressional committee.

Into such a sink no truly self-respecting swindler would ever venture, yet late in 1968 Dr. Kissinger set up his concession and he was soon able to congratulate himself upon becoming the town's number one attraction—a Barnum amongst Naders, a Bailey amongst Kennedys. He had hoodwinked everyone from the villainous Richard Milhous Nixon to the pants pressers at the *Washington Post*, reporters whose very careers depend on crank calls from the bureaucracy. Still it is my melancholy burden to observe that his is not a glorious achievement. As swindles go his bamboozling of the Washingtonians is about on a par with peddling a bogus biography of Howard Hughes to McGraw-Hill. All he did was beguile eager chumps; facile deceptions were not always his profession.

Mr. Kissinger began as an intellectual of genuine promise. His scholarly writings distinguished him as learned, perspicacious, and committed to sound values. Lamentably, after nearly eight years in Washington he has violated practically every wise line he ever wrote. Serious scholarship apparently made him restless. He journeyed to the lurid haze of Washington, and what has become of him? After becoming a personage of the first water, he fell to his present dubious eminence: just another Washington pretender, a dutiful believer in the unbelievable, a devotee of conspiracies and sham. Soon he will be hunkering out of town—a charlatan debauched by his own act, addicted to his own horse hairs, undone by the mores and the folkways of the vulgarians he manipulated so smoothly. Sadness wells up within me.

Washington has never in this century been estimable for its advanced level of civilization. It has had its worthy citizens, of course, and there have been noble experiments—the opening of Saint Elizabeth's Hospital comes to mind, and Coolidge's attempt to govern the United States between late breakfasts and early lunches. Nevertheless, it is only in recent years that the entire city has given itself over to a single-minded and prehensile pursuit of delusion that has about it an aura of the metaphysically colossal. All through Europe people speak of it in hushed tones. Its extravagances are quietly admired in many Latin American capitals. I have it from learned anthropologists that legends from the fabulous city have even found their way into spiritual exercises practiced in the dank of aboriginal rain forests. It all began on January 20, 1961, when a wealthy young swell was inaugurated President of these United States.

Attractive, hollow, and about as silly as Red Skelton, John F. Kennedy could not stand to be alone, and so he brought to Washington an entourage that made Harding's poker cronies look like the Founding Fathers by comparison. The mob was laced with politicians of every cut, but it also contained burnt-out artists, intellectualoid speech writers, and—most pernicious of all—equal parts of Hollywood and Cambridge. Overnight the District of Columbia was transformed from a drab seat of government enveloped in a vaguely Southern drowse into an Eastern Seaboard version of Grauman's Chinese Theatre. Almost everything the Kennedy crowd produced was illusory, from its election-year "missile gap" to its jihad against Communism abroad and social injustice at home. In truth, not all of its accomplishments were vaporous. The Kennedys did leave America in the Indochinese war, and, with their Cuban missile crisis, they managed to set off a costly and ominous arms race. But for the most part all they bequeathed to American government was a set of problems, a style of politics, and a public philosophy of immense hypocrisy and delusion. In a whirl of rhetoric, problems were set up that were not problems. Ideals were celebrated that were beyond fulfillment. Fame was bestowed on mediocrities, and fortunes were amassed. "Audacity" was what Arthur Schlesinger thought characterized the Kennedy Administration; when the villainous Nixon attempted to emulate it, Mr. Schlesinger and his kin put it down as "abuse of Presidential power." Mr. Nixon was banished to California, yet Washington still celebrates the extravagant style and the specious values. The streets remain aswarm with clever operators pursuing preposterous dreams of power, glory, and boodle.

Dr. Kissinger was familiar with Washington's ways before he arrived. He had carefully calculated the potential power to be realized by a plump, middle-aged professor waddling hither and yon with Hollywood *artistes*. He realized that Washingtonians would be defenseless when he brought his wit to the Georgetown cocktail circuit. He understood the cachet stamped upon the man who lunches at Sans Souci with the ambiguously talented celebrities of that singular vicinage. And he had developed a facility with sonorous evasions that was to surpass the artistry of even the most seasoned local eminentoes. The tactics performed as expected, but Dr. Kissinger's greatest con still awaited the grand breakthrough.

Sometime early in the first Nixon Administration—I leave it to historians to fix the precise date—Dr. Kissinger hit upon a discovery so stupendous that within months he was spoken of throughout Washington as "Super Henry," "Super K.," etc., etc. The pundits were in thrall. Soon they were crying for his appointment as Secretary of State. The Brothers Kalb even dreamt of higher office. What Dr. Kissinger had discovered was the mysterious influence to be conferred upon a government official who remains airborne in a Presidential Boeing 707. Henceforth Dr. Kissinger hardly landed for a change of toothbrush. He flew to Rome, to Paris, and to London. He became a terrible nuisance in Saigon. At

(*continued on page 32*)

Vic Gold

Precisely Twelve Minutes with Silent Cal

Readers of *The Alternative* need no reminder that July 4, 1976 marks a historic date in the development of Western political thought and the conservative ideal of a free society. For on that day—one would hope—millions of discerning Americans in all parts of the world will pause a moment in their Bicentennial celebrations to commemorate the 104th anniversary of the birth of Calvin Coolidge.

Coolidge: there was an American President both of, and ahead of, his time. A political leader whose essential political philosophy—"Promises and good intentions are not enough. We cannot afford rash experiments"—was as contemporary as a paragraph from one of Jerry Brown's better speeches. And Jerry Brown, as we know, is nothing less than the avant garde of the New Politics of 1976, a young American politician admired by most, if not all, of the selfsame critics who put Cal Coolidge down as a Presidential joke.

Indeed, 43 years after his death, the real Coolidge is as much an enigma to his countrymen as he was the day he took office as President, August 3, 1923, following the passing of Warren G. Harding from a mixed diet of rotten crabmeat and political associates. The Coolidge "image"—to use a term the man himself would disdain—remains a rippled distortion in the circus mirror of twentieth-century history.

Thus, despite a latter-day nostalgia binge that finds stage and television audiences held in thrall by historical re-creations of the down-home characters of Mark Twain, Will Rogers, and Harry Truman, the suggestion of *An Evening with Calvin Coolidge* falls on deaf theatrical ears.

To be sure, we may charge off the unlikelihood of a *Keep 'em Cool, Calvin!* production to the undoubted liberal Democratic bias of producers like David Susskind and actors like Hal Holbrook and James Whitmore. Yet, in fairness, the most ardent Coolidge buff must concede that to a large extent our hero, by assiduously cultivating the myth of Yankee laconism during his years in the White House, brought many of his troubles on himself.

What was Calvin Coolidge *really* like? Anticipating that question this landmark anniversary year, *The Alternative* in mid-1975 launched a search for an answer; not a conventional search either, but an unprecedented quest for a definitive answer, beyond the limited biographical data that cover the complex career and character of our thirtieth President, beyond, that is, William Allen White's *A Puritan in Babylon*, beyond Duff Gilfond's *The Rise of St. Calvin*, beyond John Hiram McKee's *Coolidge Wit & Wisdom*.

Specifically, the editors assigned Vic Gold, a pioneer practitioner of the art of occult journalism, to track down the spirit of Silent Cal and get him to talk, on-the-record. Gold's credentials for this assignment are impressive. Possessed of a hyperactive imagination, a large measure of impressionability, and a willingness, if not zeal, to put words into other people's mouths, he has in recent times conducted successful occult interviews with such luminous spirits as Niccolo Machiavelli, El Cid, Clyde Barrow, Madame de Staël, and, only six months ago, Jerry Brown himself.

After the usual false leads—Buenos Aires; the spot where Amelia Earhart's plane was last sighted; the Tibetan Himalayas—Gold finally located Coolidge at, of all predictable sites, the late President's beloved summer White House in the Black Hills of South Dakota. There ensued weeks of negotiations regarding interview groundrules; but all was happily resolved, and we present the following question-and-answer session as transcribed, in line with Mr. Coolidge's wishes, by his trusted Presidential aide, C. Bascom Slemp.

U.S. News & World Report, eat your heart out...

Q: Mr. Coolidge, you succeeded a Republican President whose Administration had gone down in disgrace. Some contemporary viewers of the political scene compare Gerald Ford's 1976 problems to your own when you ran for a full term in 1924. Do you see such a parallel?

C: None whatever.

Q: Would you care to elaborate on that subject a bit?

C: I'd prefer not. But seeing I agreed to talk to you 12 minutes—keep track of your timepiece, Slemp—I allow I am obliged to. You want to know if I see a parallel, as you call it, between Teapot and Watergate? I say, none. Teapot came out of a corruption of the flesh. I don't condone it, but I comprehend it. Fall, Daugherty, Doheny, Sinclair. All those birds were out for money. Pure and sim-

ple. Watergate was nonsense. The kind of corruption I expect from Democrats, never Republicans.

Q: You mean, corruption of the spirit?

C: That is Algonquin table talk.

Q: Pardon?

C: High-flown stuff that Manhattan bunch printed in their slick magazines. Chattered over at lunch, back when I was President.

Q: Mr. Coolidge, if you don't mind, let's go over that again. What do you find objectionable about the phrase "corruption of the spirit"?

C: You mean "hankering for power," so just say "hankering for power." But I will not waste breath on Watergate. I am fed up hearing about Watergate. Ford's problems, now, are something else.

Q: Gerald Ford?

C: Young fellow, you are wasting valuable time. If I had meant *Henry*, I would have said "Henry." As I recollect, you asked if I saw any kinship between my 1924 campaign and your incumbent's. My answer again was, none. In '24, common sense ruled the roost. We Republicans were the majority party. Davis could talk Teapot all he wanted, but as long as the market was bullish nobody listened. That's not true these days. The Algonquin bunch has taken over Washington.

Q: When you say "Algonquin bunch," are you referring to Alexander Woollcott, Franklin P. Adams, Dorothy Parker...?

C: That is the bunch. Their kind came in with Roosevelt in '33. Writers, theorists. Never cared much for my ways. But no bother, not back then. Except, as long as you're looking into it, that crowd had more to do with my posthumous reputation than anyone else. They wrote the histories. They, and their Harvard friends.

Q: If you don't mind my saying, sir, you sound fairly bitter about it.

C: Not really. It's just that as an Amherst man, I never cared much for talky smart-alecks. Like that Dorothy Parker.

Q: Mr. Coolidge, Dorothy Parker was a woman...

C: How could you tell?

Q: As I was saying, she was a woman with definite ideas, who simply didn't appreciate your style.

C: Style? What has *style* to do with running the U.S. Government? That is the sort of flapdoodle that bunch brought in. You can see what it took the country to. Hoover had "style." What good did it do him?

Q: Herbert Hoover?

C: Slemp, what does your timepiece say?

S: Six-and-a-half minutes past the hour, Mr. President.

C: Thank you, Slemp. Young man, you ask damnfool questions. 'Course I mean Herbert Hoover. Who else?

Q: It's just that our readers will be somewhat surprised to learn you would speak, shall I say, less than kindly, of your Republican successor.

C: They will? That's what comes of living in a generation that learned history from the Algonquin bunch and their Harvard friends. It happens I looked on my Republican successor as a political babe-in-the-woods. I only kept him on at Commerce because he had an "in" with the press. More trouble than it was worth to get rid of him. I called Hoover "wonder boy." All "style." I found most self-made millionaires in politics that way. Like your fellow Romney. Well, "wonder boy" got what he wanted. In spades.

Q: The nomination in 1928?

C: Yes.

Q: But you said you didn't choose to run that year.

C: Yes, indeed. Even wrote it out for the press.

Q: Didn't you mean it?

C: Every word. And as Slemp here will tell you, I always *choose* my words carefully.

Q: Would you mind explaining that, sir?

C: Slemp?

S: Nine minutes past the hour, Mr. President.

C: Thank you, Slemp. I was looking to feel a draft in '28. But "wonder boy" could hardly wait. Jumped right in. (*At this point in the conversation a sound convulsed from the general area of Mr. Coolidge's esophagus; an emission which, from any other interview subject, would be taken for a mild chuckle.*)

Q: You're amused, Mr. Coolidge?

C: Just say that throughout my public career Providence and I worked a fair tandem. I was not President in 1929 and died, you know, two months before the real deluge.

Q: March 4, 1933?

C: Yes. *Roos-e-velt.* I will be frank, young fellow. You have not impressed me to now with your questions. But I cannot believe you are so foolish as to waste one on that subject.

Q: No, sir. But could you comment on any of your other successors in the White House? Briefly, of course.

C: Ask away.

Q: Harry Truman?

C: Trashy mouth. Blatherskite.

Q: Eisenhower?

C: Best of the lot. But ran into the same problem I did.

Q: How so?

C: The Algonquin bunch, one generation removed.

Q: What about Kennedy?

C: Worst combination of all, that one. Poor political bloodlines. Boston Irish politician with a Harvard education.

Q: Lyndon Johnson?

C: I will confess, for a Democrat that one had some pretty fair qualities. But he was brought up in the wrong place. A Johnson from Vermont might have been another matter. But Texas, I just don't know. Something about the place. I never knew an honest politician from Texas. Did you, Slemp?

S: Oh, Garner wasn't all that bad, Cal.

C: A Truman who spat tobacco. Slemp, you disappoint me. What's the time?

S: Two more minutes, Mr. President.

Q: What about Nixon?

C: That one should never have gone into elective politics. Didn't have the temperament. Though I think he might have made some President a good personal aide, like Slemp here does.

Q: Then you think that despite what his critics say, Nixon was essentially honest?

C: I think he would have made an honest aide to an honest President. His nature might even have protected his President for the worst. Harding was honest, you know. If Nixon had been Harding's Haldeman, I think he would have caught onto Fall and Daugherty. But it does get complicated, looking back on history. What might have been.

Q: Which brings us to the present, Mr Coolidge.

C: And also runs you plumb out of time. But ask a couple more. You're not my cup, but you don't seem a bad sort.

Q: Thank you, sir. What about Gerald Ford and the future?

C: Ford suffers from what my grandfather Galusha Coolidge used to call "the wishes." He wishes he was somebody he's not. Ford thinks if he works at it, the Algonquins will invite him to lunch.

Q: You disapprove of that approach to politics?

C: Before he becomes President a man should know who he is and stick with it

Q: Any final advice for future American Presidents, sir?

C: Yes. Don't be too successful. That was my problem. And Ike's. Our countrymen get bored with too much peace and prosperity. They seem to need a crisis every once in awhile to stay happy. But one word of caution...

Q: Yes, sir?

C: Crisis or not, a President must always keep in mind that the business of America...

Q: ...is business.

C: By golly, Slemp, I was right! This fellow really *isn't* a bad sort... □

***"I must have 150 requests for interviews on my desk. From now on I intend to refer all those fellows to that interview I had with* The Alternative."**

—Calvin Coolidge, May 1976

B. Bruce-Briggs

Needless Fuss about Land Use

Considering land use as a national problem is very recent. For most of U.S. history the national goal was to occupy what were perceived as vast empty spaces. There was also a clear and almost undisputed notion of how land use decisions are to be made—by the individual or corporate owner through the right of freehold property restricted only by laws which prohibited certain activities as immoral or antisocial (e.g., brothels), but not restraining the use of land as such. In the last 50 years this liberty of land use has been modified only slightly by local zoning and subdivision ordinances which put some modest restraints on the rights of real property.

In recent years, however, a new attitude toward the use of land has evolved. At present, it is widely believed and strongly advocated that the old dispensation no longer applies. Urban problems are exacerbated by overcrowding; the American landscape is being gobbled up by uninhibited suburban sprawl; the countryside is paved over by highways; the scenery is being chewed up by strip mining and other forms of obnoxious resource extraction; irreplaceable wet lands, swamp lands, and other environmentally necessary areas are being destroyed; our wilderness is being overrun by recreational exploitation; the sea shores and lake fronts are cluttered by vacation resorts; valuable agricultural land is disappearing under urban development; and the very physical environment of the nation is threatened.

Individuals and groups sensitive to these problems have been strongly advocating much more comprehensive land use controls, and politicians sensitive to these constituencies have been proposing far-reaching legislation, especially the Jackson and Udall bills which would establish and finance state land use planning under federal guidelines.

Viewed from a historical perspective, these demands for strengthened governmental land use controls would seem to be almost revolutionary. For several hundred years Americans have taken for granted that they had the right to do pretty much what they pleased with their own land and that, in contrast to the situation in many foreign countries, the ownership of land in America is not the preserve of a narrow oligarchy. Two-thirds of American families own their own homes and the land upon which they stand; millions more own business, vacation, and retirement properties, inherited lands they often make little use of, and, of course, other properties to satisfy that ancient American passion for land speculation. And still other millions are retired people who once owned land or are young people who intend to own land later. Land ownership, and therefore land use, is a central institution of American civilization.

Given this historical background, it would seem strange that there has been so little public debate as to whether or not land use is indeed a national problem. The charges listed earlier have been almost unchallenged in testimony before Congressional committees, in academic publications, and in the national media. Messrs. Udall and Jackson cite them in support of their various proposals. Former President Nixon called the existing system of land "misuse" "perhaps the most pressing environmental issue before the nation." The Rockefeller Brothers Fund calls for the emasculation of historical property rights in order to deal with these problems. William H. Whyte writes of *The Last Landscape*. *Time* joins the chorus of complaint. The editorial page of the *New York Times*, that font and litmus of establishment opinion, foresees the nation "on a disaster course." Even *The Economist*, that usually prudent and well-informed journal, points with alarm to the "problems" of American land use and the need for state action to correct them. Small wonder that many thoughtful and concerned Americans are disturbed about the implications of the continuation of the present system and have been primed to lend a responsive ear to proposed government plans and programs which promise to alleviate the problems of land use in America.

Actually, the terms of the discussion have been extremely one-sided and often incomplete. To take the most glaring example, very rarely in any discussion of how our land is being "used up" does one see the very simple number of how much total land we have. The United States has just over 3½ million square miles of land, of which just slightly less than 3 million square miles are in the "lower 48" or "coterminous" United States. This amounts to just under 2 billion acres. In other words, in the lower 48 states are nearly ten acres for every man, woman, and child. The density of the U.S. compares very favorably with that of most of the other prosperous industrialized nations of the world. The coterminous U.S. has a density of 70 persons per square mile—U.K. has 600, West Germany has 650, Italy has 470, and France 250 persons per square mile. Of course, Canada and the USSR have much lower densities, but most of their land area is totally vacant and the occupied part of each country has approximately the same density as the United States.

Now, it has sometimes been argued that most of our land is useless—deserts, swamps, mountains, and tundra. But this is a misrepresentation of both fact and potentiality. Provided access is available (usually by road) almost all types of land are usable and used. Large areas of the country are not ideally suited for urban development, but when the demand exists cities are built on the most unpromising land. The deserts of Arizona are irrigated and built upon; development creeps up the shaky hillsides of Los Angeles; homes are even built right on top of well-known earthquake faults; the swamps of Florida are drained; land is even created where none existed before—much of present-day Boston was originally tidal marsh, and hundreds of acres of land have been added to the tip of Manhattan island since colonial days. The usefulness of land is a question of economics, not of engineering feasibility. If someone wants to do something with a piece of land badly enough to pay for it, it can be done.

Moreover, urban development is not always the highest and best use of land. In terms of area, agriculture and grazing are the most important uses of land. Recreation is another major land use. The mountains of Colorado are of increased value because people wish to ski and hike there. The hills of Vermont are precious because of the combination of their beauty and their proximity to the metropolitan centers of the eastern seaboard. Marshes have value as wildlife preserves. It is difficult to think of more inhospitable land than the tundra of Alaska, yet the oil under the ground gives it value. Other land areas have aesthetic value. Many people merely like to look at them, so various governmental and private organizations have put them aside for their scenic beauty. We are the first society so rich that we have been able to preserve such places merely because they are considered works of nature's art.

Let us run briefly through the supposed problems of "unplanned land use" listed above. On the issue of "overcrowded cities" it is interesting to note that no one has ever made a credible case that any of our urban problems are exacerbated by crowding.* A few of the densest areas of the United States, such as older San Francisco, Greenwich Village, and the East Side of New York, are among the most

*Sometimes introduced into the discussion of alleged problems of "overcrowding" are descriptions of experiments with rats who became neurotic and vicious when packed into tight spaces. These experiments have nothing whatever to do with the intensity of space occupation in the United States. To duplicate the conditions of the rat experiments it would be necessary to jam a dozen humans into a small bathroom. Only riders in rush-hour subway trains experience such crowding.

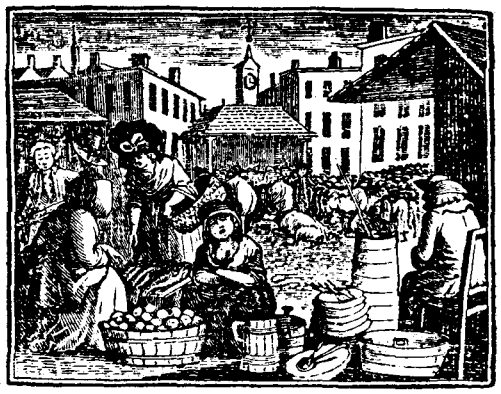
desirable living places in the country.

But let us assume that overcrowded cities are bad. If so, this problem is rapidly being alleviated because the populations and densities of our most crowded cities are rapidly declining. The populations of high-density cities such as Boston, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Cincinnati, and New Orleans are dropping precipitously. The most rapid declines tend to be in the most densely occupied sections. The great classic slum of the U.S.—the Lower East Side of New York—had 200,000 people per square mile in 1920, probably one of the highest densities in history; today the population and density are less than a third of that figure. Another famous slum—central Harlem—has lost half its population in the last generation. Some of these losses in population have been due to clearance for urban renewal and highway construction, and to ordinary attrition of buildings by fire, sometimes aided by arson, but most of the drop is simply due to fewer people living in the same units. In other words, even in our worst slums, people are less crowded than they were before. Overcrowding is a subjective evaluation. The "swinging singles" who swarm in New York's Yorkville obviously love it—but, as we shall see, most Americans prefer much lower densities and are achieving them.

The "overcrowding argument" is often made in these terms—"70% of our population lives on 2% of our land." This sounds horrid, until we apply the most credible sort of analysis—simple arithmetic. Seventy percent of our population is approximately 145 million people; 2% of our land area is 40 million acres; so this "crowding" is three to four people (the size of an average family) per acre. Perhaps many of the complainers about overcrowding really mean that they perceive many of our cities to be too large both in population and in area; if so, this issue largely boils down to a question of individual tastes and trade-offs. For example, I think that metropolitan New York is much too big, even though I live there. From my point of view it would be excellent if ten million *other* people moved away. Many Los Angelenos think the same way about their metropolis. But actually, the typical urban American does not live in a great city. As Messrs. Scammon and Wattenberg have pointed out, the typical American family resides in a city the size of Dayton, Ohio, which has a metropolitan population of about 600,000 persons. Recent demographic trends put the lie to the concept of Americans packing into larger and larger "megalopoli"; the most rapid growth in the U.S. is in smaller cities and selected rural areas.

The next "problem" of the existing system is said to be "suburban sprawl." This is not a bane but a blessing. Almost all Americans want suburban sprawl. It is no mistake that every city in America (and Canada, and England, and Australia, and Sweden, and now France) is moving toward suburban sprawl. Every poll of the housing and land desires of Americans reveals an overwhelming preference for this life style. A University of Michigan survey of the late 1960s found that 85% of urban families wanted single-family homes on good-sized lots. Gallup polls found that only about one in eight Americans wishes to live in the cities, with about 30% preferring suburbs, about the same choosing small towns, and a quarter of all Americans preferring to live on a farm. An Opinion Research Corporation survey found that one-third of Americans would prefer to live in open country. Americans want single-family houses, they want land, and the only way to achieve this is by "suburban sprawl." This should not surprise us.

The reasons for the American lust for land can be traced far back into our national history. Almost all of the immigrants to North America came from rural peasant stock. To them, land meant security, status, wealth, and power. What we now call suburbanization can be traced back to the beginnings of American cities and even before then to the English cities of the late middle ages. In England, unlike on the continent of Europe, society



If urban "overcrowding" is a problem, which it is not, it would be diminishing, because the populations and densities of our most crowded cities are rapidly declining.

was dominated by the rural gentry and no dynamic civic, urban spirit evolved. Americans have had the ideal of the freedom of the frontier. Americans have long wanted and still want land. Fortunately, they can have just about all the land they want. There is no foreseeable limit to suburbanization. "Urbanized areas," according to the 1970 Census, covered only about 1.15% of U.S. land area (excluding Alaska).*

Senator Henry Jackson, one of the most vigorous promoters of federal land use policy with "a big stick," has commented that "each decade new urban growth will absorb 5 million acres." This sounds terribly serious until we remind ourselves that the nation has 2 billion acres and that 5 million acres is a quarter of 1% of the total land area. At the rate described by Jackson, it would require 400 years to "absorb" 10% of the nation. But whatever the rate, why is it bad that land is so absorbed? Why is it assumed that the land no longer exists or is degraded because people live on it? This question is especially pertinent when we consider the sort of "urban development" that is taking place. Most of it is merely putting down houses on existing landscape. On the very-low-density fringes of the metropolitan areas—the areas that are the wave of the future of exurban development—the addition of a home hardly affects the land. A house with a 2,000-square-foot foundation occupies about 3% of a two-acre lot. At such densities, as shall be discussed later, air and water pollution are negligible to the point of being for all practical purposes nonexistent. Even aesthetically such development is more pleasing than row housing or urban renewal housing projects. If the area is wooded, as is the case in most of the eastern U.S. and Senator Jackson's own Pacific Northwest, the homes are rarely visible from the air (or even from the road). Indeed, it is difficult to imagine a more practical method of harmoniously integrating man and nature.

The most dedicated opponents of "suburban sprawl" are the city planners who, heavily influenced by nineteenth-century European ideologies, seem to hold the view that the bulk of the population should be jammed into high-density cities and the rest of the countryside should be left open for carefully supervised recreation and carefully managed agriculture and resource extraction. This is the dominant theory taught in planning schools. Because most of the city planners believe in the superiority of this system, and see quite the opposite occurring in the nation, they conclude that there is something fundamentally wrong with the American system, that democracy has failed. Small wonder, then, that we sometimes hear the very same people complain both about "overcrowded" cities and about the "sprawl" that is relieving that situation.

There is somewhat more merit to the complaint that America is being "paved over" by highways. Approximately 1% of our land area is now devoted to highways (though by no means all of these are paved). But these highways give access to the other 99% of the land in the country. Without access land is useless and therefore worthless. Furthermore, only in our highly developed urban centers is a large amount of land devoted to highways—as much as 25% in places like Manhattan, San Francisco, and Los Angeles.

Another land use "problem" is strip mining, which often leaves ugly scars on the landscape. But the area devoted to

*Any definition of "urban" is necessarily arbitrary, but it is reasonable to make use of the U.S. Bureau of Census definition of the "urbanized area" which is a city of 50,000 inhabitants or more plus adjoining areas developed at a density of 1,000 per square mile or more. Keep in mind that this is a very generous definition of urbanization. A thousand people per square mile is about 1½ people per acre or about one house for every two acres. Nevertheless, even according to this very low density definition of urbanization, just over 1% of the continental U.S. is urbanized.

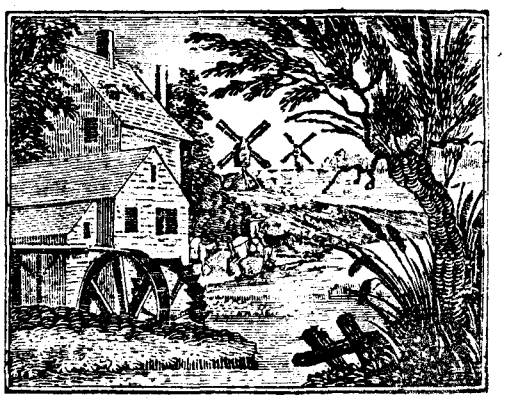
open pit extraction has been overly dramatized. Senator Gaylord Nelson has written that existing surface mining occupies a strip of land 100 feet wide and 1½ million miles long. This sounds terrible until we convert the dramatic statement to more traditional ways of measuring land area. It works out to 30,000 square miles or 1% of the national land area. Disturbing, perhaps, but hardly intolerable. Fortunately, the concern with the aesthetic problems of open-pit mining has led to serious and intensifying efforts to restore the landscape when the job is done or to devise other uses for this property.

A familiar complaint of environmentalists is the filling-in of various wet lands and swamp lands. Some claim that these are necessary to maintain the ecological balance. Certainly there is something to be said for ecological balance, particularly if man is included in the equation. For example, the draining of swamps in our southern states has eliminated many of the breeding grounds for malaria- and yellow fever-bearing mosquitos, which has reduced the prevalence of those diseases, thus "upsetting the balance of nature," making the South a good deal more hospitable to man. That example will sound facetious only to those whose concern for mosquitos overrides concern for humanity. Simply stated, it cannot be demonstrated that any one pattern of local land use is necessary for man's survival and prosperity. People manage to live very well in the almost entirely artificial environment of Holland. However, it is not necessary to go into the ecological argument in any depth because it is easy to defer to the ecologist at almost every point. We have so much land in the United States that we can indeed preserve individual wet lands, swamp lands, etc., if it pleases us to do so. But, of course, we cannot afford to preserve *all* of them.

The "problem" of the wilderness being overrun by recreational exploitation rests fundamentally on values and class interests. We are a rich country and can afford to be generous with nature. Since the turn of the century it has been accepted that large areas should be set aside for wild fauna and flora, but most human beings seem to feel that people are more important than animals and the "overrunning" of wilderness areas indicates that better use of them is being made by men.

The dwindling availability of recreation areas would appear to be a concrete problem. During the last generation the acreage of our national and state parks has increased by one-third while usage has increased almost fivefold. Since the point of going to most of these parks is to be away from people, it would seem that crowding degrades the value of parks for those who use them. I for one would advocate a massive investment in park acquisition by the established means of eminent domain and donations from philanthropists and/or tax avoiders. But counting only park lands grossly underestimates the amount of recreational land in the United States. The most important and most intensely used outdoor recreation areas in America are the backyards of our 45 million homeowners. The planners always paint these as "residential" on their land use maps—for some reason only government-owned land can be designated "recreation." The same is true for "open space." Most of the land in the United States is "open space"—privately owned, but in custom and practice open to anyone who does not abuse the privilege.

There is an ugly strain of narrow class interests involved in the wilderness issue. The social origins of the leadership and membership of some of the leading conservation organizations indicate a serious attempt by the prosperous to bar the rabble and preserve the wilderness for themselves. A leading western-based "club" agitates to keep motorcycles from wilderness areas. The motorcycle is a favorite mount of young blue-collar workers. The same club strongly advocates the use of horses in the same areas.



Americans have long wanted and still want land. Fortunately, they can have just about all the land they want. There is no foreseeable limit to suburbanization.

Those people who already have vacation colonies on secluded lakes in the Sierras do not want them to be intruded upon by large developments that cater to the masses. True, some choices will have to be made. We do not want all of our nation to turn into a vast Disneyland. But this is not really a serious problem. We are so generously endowed with land in America that we can retain huge areas for pure and unspoiled wilderness if we so desire, and yet can develop equally huge areas for the outdoor amusement of our populace.

Waterfrontage is more limited. The U.S. has only an estimated 85,000 miles of salt water shoreline to which must be added tens of thousands of miles of river and lake frontage. Presently this territory is organized very much like other property in the United States—most of it is owned by individual families, purchased for the private use of themselves and their friends; some is owned by clubs, schools, and other private organizations which reserve it for their members; some is owned by commercial enterprises which limit its use to their patrons; large amounts are owned either by local governments which usually restrict it to the taxpayers who paid for it, or by state and federal governments which generally open it to all citizens.

While it is possible to add to the amount of waterfront by building artificial lakes, and while the effective amount of waterfront can be increased through improved access, it certainly is the case that if all waterfrontage were privately owned, only a few of our citizens could enjoy it. Fortunately, this is not the case. Indeed, the tendency is strongly in the other direction—toward government ownership of waterfront lands obtained through eminent domain and donations. The heightened demand for waterfront property has the effect of promoting the latter solution. Prices of some waterfront properties have reached such astronomical heights that heirs cannot pay the inheritance taxes, so they have strong incentives to donate them to the local government or, more likely, to subdivide the property so that more people can enjoy and pay for it. It would seem to me excellent that our waterfronts are "cluttered" with vacation resorts. How else can a maximum number of Americans enjoy the water? What are the alternatives? The shore can be reserved for the few—those few presumably being the rich or those designated as worthy by some government arbiter. Or the shore can be used by no one at all, a superb solution if one prefers sea gulls to people.

The waterfront issue is very much like the recreation issue. If the citizens of a state desire more property to be owned by the government for these purposes, they will presumably elect and re-elect officials who will take the necessary steps to obtain these recreational facilities for public use. It is possible to make crude projections of the future demand for these facilities. To minimize costs, it is desirable for the states to have long-range acquisition plans for recreation. This practice is so reasonable that some states have been doing it for over fifty years. It is not terribly expensive, apparently not incredibly difficult, and certainly has hardly any connection to the supposed need for overall statewide land use planning.

The problem of agriculture is usually stated in these terms—"a million acres of agricultural land are being converted to urban development every year." This is certainly true, but is grossly misunderstood. Approximately half of our national land area, or 1 billion acres, is estimated to be devoted to agriculture of one sort or another. The tiny amounts alleged to be converted to subdivisions and shopping centers are well within the margin of error in estimating agricultural land. The amount of farmland as estimated by the Department of Agriculture has fluctuated slightly over the last fifty years, but still remains at approximately 1 billion acres. What seems to be happening is fairly straightforward. The land around our growing metropolitan centers, except perhaps in California, is rarely the best

agricultural land. It has agricultural value only because of its close proximity to markets, so within a few hours' range of a metropolitan city truck and dairy farms will be found. As the metropolitan cities expand, these lands are developed and the truck and dairy farming moves farther out. True, agricultural land is lost, but this is low-quality land compared with the great grain-producing areas of the western plains or the staple-producing areas of the South. The amount of the agricultural land in the United States depends in no way on the degree of urbanization, but rather upon the international market for agricultural commodities as modified by government policy. No agricultural expert seriously doubts that we could increase production fifty percent with existing technology on existing lands, if there were sufficient demand.

The relationship between land use and environmental quality is very poorly understood. No land use in itself creates a pollution problem. (It is people that pollute. It is machines that pollute. The amount of pollution that they produce is a function of their design and/or the facilities provided to clean up their effluents.) In relating land use to air and water quality, one must distinguish between emissions and pollution. Emissions are the amounts of obnoxious material that a facility or activity produces; pollution is an unacceptable concentration of emissions. Emissions in themselves are not a problem if the production from any activity is small relative to the reservoir into which it is introduced. When emissions are concentrated, problems can exist. Take for example the most widely publicized emissions—the hydrocarbons, carbon monoxides, and oxides of nitrogen produced by internal combustion engines. The total emissions produced by automobiles are unimportant so long as they are scattered over a wide area. When automobiles are concentrated in high-density areas, then the amount of emissions relative to the available atmosphere creates noticeable, annoying, and potentially noxious air pollution. The same is true in the case of water pollution. With very low population density, flushing raw sewage directly into running streams rarely causes any problem. In large cities such a practice can be (and in the past has been) fatal to tens of thousands of people.

Since we have already noted that the natural direction of urban development in America without planning is toward lower and lower densities, it would appear that even without direct efforts to control emissions at their source, pollution would be gradually alleviated. This is particularly the case in urban centers. Most people already drive to most of their activities. As cities spread out more, people will drive more, but the increase in automobile emissions will be smaller than the increase in absorption capacity that results from the greater volumes of air under which they will drive. If one were to design a low-pollution America, one would design a low-density America. Fortunately, that is the direction we are going because of the individual planning choices of American families and the planning decisions of the developers and builders who profit by satisfying their wants.

By this time the reader may be asking, if our land use problems are so miniscule and/or misunderstood, why has this false perception penetrated so deeply into the minds of journalists and politicians? Doubtless there are many reasons, but one that I find of great professional interest is that for a long time now we have been deluged with a long series of misleading yet widely publicized studies written by distinguished scholars or bearing the imprimatur of distinguished organizations.

Consider, for example, the image of "Megalopolis" made popular by Jean Gottman in the his famous book of that name. "The northeastern seaboard of the United States," Gottman wrote, "is today the site of a remarkable development —an almost continuous stretch of urban and suburban areas from Southern New Hampshire to Northern Virginia and from

America is so generously endowed with land that we can retain huge areas for unspoiled wilderness and also develop huge areas for the outdoor amusement of our populace.

the Atlantic shore to the Appalachian foothills."

That was written on the basis of the 1950 census. Quite a different picture appears, however, if we look at the census data carefully—even if we use the more populous 1970 census data. Instead of a continuous stretch of urban and suburban areas, more than a third of this population is in the New York urbanized area, another quarter is in the urbanized areas of Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, and a fifth of the population is in the other urbanized areas. Eighty percent of the population is using 13% of the area, while the other 87% of "megalopolis" is occupied on an average density of only 175 per square mile or about one house for every 12 acres. Indeed, this is well known to persons who regularly fly along this Northeastern corridor. A glance out of the window of an airplane reveals that this "urban strip" is almost all green. Even New Jersey, the most intensely urbanized state, is half wooded.

Another misleading study is the recently published *The Costs of Sprawl* commissioned by EPA, HUD, and the Council on Environmental Quality. Through some reasonable and also some inappropriate calculations, the distinguished research corporation that performed this report concluded that "sprawl" was 40% more expensive than more concentrated developments. This "waste" was widely heralded in the press as a great revelation. But when one examines the calculations one finds that almost all of this "cost of sprawl" is the additional cost of having a large single-family house rather than a smaller apartment, of driving a car rather than sharing a bus or a subway train. Since the vast majority of Americans, for reasons obvious to all but ideologically-blinded analysts, prefer single-family houses to apartments and automobiles to collective transit facilities, it is difficult to understand the point of this study, unless it was intended to be an intellectual weapon in a campaign to discourage the bulk of Americans from having houses and cars. It is a poor reflection on the intelligence of our journalists that this study was so widely celebrated.*

Actually, complex studies are unnecessary: simple arithmetic is adequate to put the land use problem in perspective. Assume a total population of 300 million, which according to present population trends should be achieved in the first half of the next century, and assume people wish to live at densities very much like that of today's Westchester County, New York. As we know, Westchester is one of the most desirable and fashionable suburban counties with a wide range of communities varying from fairly dense Yonkers City to the swank open exurbs of the northern county. Westchester has a density of 2,000 per square mile. Three hundred million people occupying land at a density of 2,000 per square mile would occupy 150,000 square miles or 5% of the area of the continental United States, leaving 95% for other purposes.

Another calculation goes like this: At the end of the century America will have about 100 million households. Give each household slightly under 2/3 of an acre. One hundred million times .64 acres is 64 million acres or 100,000 square miles. For every unit of residential land add two units for highways, commerce and industry, parks, and public uses. This means a total urban land usage of 300,000 square miles or only one-tenth of the continental land area of the United States, leaving 90% for agriculture, wilderness, outdoor recreation, scenic preservation, resource extraction, and environmental protection.

So the question of land use in America is not one of land availability but of how the land is to be allocated most efficiently.

*One exception was the syndicated columnist Lew Koch who rather unkindly pointed out that the heads of EPA, HUD, and CEQ all live in nice big suburban houses. He might have added that the head of the research organization that performed this study is similarly well situated in a posh suburb of Chicago.

The Costs of Sprawl study mentioned above estimated that "planning" sprawl would increase efficiency by 4%. We may disregard this number altogether because the quality of the data manipulated in this study had margins of error of 10-20% so a 4% variation is meaningless. However, it is very interesting that a group of researchers deeply committed to "planning" (i.e. government planning) could only come up with such a tiny increment of added efficiency.

Nevertheless, I do not believe that any observer would deny that our land could be much more efficiently used. It is possible to go into any community in the country and find wasteful practices. The most casual "windshield survey" will find streets that are misaligned and too wide or too narrow, will reveal misplaced and even unnecessary parks in many locations and inadequate parks in others, will show stupidly crowded subdivisions, mislocated water and sewage facilities, and miserably placed public facilities. It is interesting to note that the most glaring inefficiencies of land use are the results of past government planning mistakes.

As for the "inefficiencies" of private land use, while they may appear wasteful to me or the reader, these apparent inefficiences were the result of someone's private planning. People have, according to their lights, attempted to maximize the usefulness of that land to themselves. Very few of them are doing anyone else any harm, so who am I or you to tell them they are wrong in their planning? □

(The above article is reprinted by permission from No Land Is an Island, *a collection of essays on land use published by the Institute for Contemporary Studies, 260 California Street, San Francisco, California 94111.)*

Phillip Abbott Luce

Out of the Woodwork

"...the probable included consequence of the Rockefellers' projected 'new world order' is thermonuclear holocaust no later than the early 1980s. If, improbably, such war is avoided, the 1990 situation of humanity still would not be much better than if the worst kind of thermo-nuclear holocaust had occurred."

The watchdogs of rightism might begin sniffing around Belmont, Massachusetts, but the conspiracy theory zealots I am quoting belong to the most bizarre group currently on the American Left—the National Caucus of Labor Committees (NCLC) and its compatriot, the U.S. Labor Party (USLP). The NCLC and USLP are hated by the vast majority of "straight" Marxist-Leninist groups and are considered the anomaly of the year by the few experts of left-wing lunacy still on Capitol Hill. One can see why by reading two items from a recent issue of their offset weekly *New Solidarity*:

"A panic stricken spokesman for a top Rockefeller policy making body, the Council on Foreign Relations (CFR) revealed this week that the Rockefeller forces are going all out to sabotage international collaboration for rapid development of controlled nuclear fusion power."

And: "Last weekend in Pittsburgh CIA-agent and Communist Party USA Central Committee member Angela Davis opened a NAARPR conference by explaining why members of the FBI's Socialist Workers Party (SWP) had been invited to attend the CPUSA front group gathering: 'There is one thing that the CPUSA and the SWP agree on,' she began, 'and that is the need to stop the U.S. Labor Party.' "

The NCLC/USLP has made an internal stench within American radicalism by beating up opposition leftists. While I can only smile at the thought of thugs from the NCLC pouncing on thugs from the Progressive Labor Party or the CPUSA, this practice reminds me of pre-Nazi Germany. Add to the physical violence the declarations of conspiracy—in which the KGB, the CIA, and British intelligence are all controlled by the Rockefeller gang—and the whole mess would smell of a CIA black propaganda outlet, if only the Agency had ever shown such competence.

The NCLC was founded at Columbia University by its current Presidential candidate, Lyndon H. La Rouche, Jr., and its other notables read as if from an early SDS portfolio: Graham Lowry, whose father is a former Ford Foundation vice president; Tessa DeCarlo, whose father is president of Sarah Lawrence College; and Daniel Sneider, whose father is ambassador to South Korea. According to estimates by the *Wall Street Journal*, it operates on a one-million-dollar yearly budget.

La Rouche journeys to Iraq and other Arab countries, but no tight link with the Arabs has yet been verified. The NCLC/USLP seems to identify with few power structures except the far-right-wing Kremlin Stalinists and for some bizarre reason the Portuguese CP. Its philosophy is equally difficult to fathom. It claims that what "is common to Hegel, Feuerbach and Marx is the conception of human Mind and Self as absolutely distinct from that of hominids as simply a biological species." The Caucus talks of the "noetic process" and has declared that the "revolutionary intelligentsia is thus the embryonic representation of a new human species, a Promethean species which seeks to reproduce its own kind from the ranks of the working class." That's pretty heavy cloning.

Lest I be accused of fantasizing, allow me to reprint a portion of a recent article in *New Solidarity*. There is no copyright problem because commies don't believe in copyright laws, but I suggest that anyone disliking political pornography not read the following:

NCLC RIPS OPEN ROCKY'S
'POLITICS OF INSANITY'

Forceful interventions by the National Caucus of Labor Committees completely destroyed leading counterinsurgent ideologues at a CIA-orchestrated "Schizo conference" on the "politics of insanity" at Columbia University last weekend. Squawking in concert each time their agentry was exposed and constitutionally unable to deal with the Rabelaisian humor and intellectual rigor of the NCLC's arguments, the main conference speakers simply closed up shop Saturday night after a violent homosexual family quarrel, and canceled the long-awaited polysexual "party" they had scheduled for Sunday.

Their "Schizo" affair was not supposed to be an ordinary academic event. Featuring notorious fascist "scholars" and brainwashers such as French structuralist madmen Michel Foucault and Felix Guattari, drug-crazed novelist William Burroughs, self-confessed CIA collaborators like Tavistock psychiatrist R.D. Laing, and a rag-tag assortment of homosexual militants, prison "organizers" and Lincoln Detox-type drug pushers, the conference was basically programmed to attract and funnel mental patients, drug zombies, infantile leftists, and otherwise psychologically weak individuals into three days of continuous assaults on their fragile human identities.

Final profiling was scheduled to take place at Sunday night's party for purposes of later brainwashing into terrorist gangs of the Symbionese Liberation Army or Black September variety. A number of outright FBI agents planted in the audience were to guarantee that this process would take place uneventfully.

The "radical" and "scientific" cover for this operation was to be provided primarily by Foucault and his experienced sado-masochistic followers, whom petty-bourgeois leftists often mistakenly identify as "intellectual leaders" of the revolution on account of their counter-insurgent role in the crazed student and lumpen layers spawned around the May

1968 general strike in Paris. It is a fact that many U.S. radicals have an unfortunate recurring tendency to locate models for "revolutionary" behavior in the scum floating down the gutters of Boulevard Saint-Michel.

The opening session of the "Schizo conference" on Friday, Nov. 14 provides excellent clinical evidence of the Foucault crowd's modus operandi as well as its specific vulnerability to attack. Under the guise of presenting a scholarly paper on the "problem of masturbation," Foucault intended to launch a frontal attack against his audience's sense of moral identity by arguing that masturbation properly is a means of "revolutionary struggle" for the oppressed (the child) against the big bad capitalist oppressor (Daddy)!

The (toilet) paper-thin cover for this vicious nonsense was that masturbation as a clinical expression of neurosis did not appear until the period of capitalism's emergence as a dominant socio-economic form in the mid-1700s, and that it was the child's only possible response to the artificial moral code capitalism imposed on him through "parental repression" within the family!

While a dazed Columbia graduate epigone was speed-reading through his paper as if to beat all Olympic records, the manic Foucault provided a living illustration of his "theses" by twitching intensely, sucking his lips and rubbing his bald skull to underline all the juicy parts.

In the ensuing question period, Foucault tried to mesmerize his shocked audience by coyly, yet stubbornly, refusing to speak anything but French. However, the resulting cumbersome translation procedure was dashed to pieces when a French-speaking NCLC organizer flatly demonstrated in plain English how Foucault and his crowd function as French hand-job specialists for the CIA.

Stunned by the unexpected attack, the structuralist chickens could only flap their wings in horror and seek refuge behind vociferous police agents in the audience. One member of the latter species conveniently screamed at the top of his lungs: "I am Schizo, aren't you Schizo?? [*sic*] I came to a Schizo conference, Goddamit, not to hear people speak French..."

Following this "radical critique" of Foucault's "epistemology," another NCLC spokesman asked the audience whether masturbation would in their opinion save the world from Rockefeller's nuclear or ecological holocaust. At this point Foucault's right-hand man Guattari interjected, "But he does not only advocate that..." This crucial tactical battle came to an end when the NCLC'er demanded that all conference participants immediately take their hands out of their pockets.

Rather than support this clearly non-negotiable demand, Foucault, twitching with rage at this affront to his Parisian dignity, and his epigones, simply got up and left....

This group of crazies has managed to enamor the chic liberals, and Lyn Marcus, the NCLC intellectual in captivity, is currently teaching at the New School for Social Research. Moreover, the *New York Times* reports instances wherein the NCLC has "kidnapped" its subjects in order to reprogram them, and this, added to the physical violence, marks the NCLC for serious watching in the future. Unless, of course, the prediction of its leader La Rouche comes true: "If we cease to exist today, the possibility of the survival of the human race becomes very small indeed." □

Philip Brantingham

Blithe Spirit: A Reminiscence of Billie Burke

As the years pass and the stars wheel, it is all too easy to forget those whose gifts were transitory, and not memorialized in print, marble, or bronze. Great careers are occluded by forgetfulness, great talents return to the clay and are forgotten, chiefly because what they did was, in the present-day scientific terminology, "consumable."

Such has been the fate of many stage-actors. Their profession, especially before the advent of films, was one that lived only with the rise of curtains, and often darkened with the fall of same. Their talent, however, was special, rare, gifted, and remarkable. It was always composed a little of fakery and a little of exhibitionism. They were at one with the great illusionists, Blackstone the Magician, Kuda Bux, and others of genius, for what the stage deals with is illusion, the illusion of life.

Today, those who think of themselves as stage-actors are clever enough to divide their time between their love and films. It is a matter of money and publicity; for there is no larger audience than that for films; it is international, just as deceit is international. Also, films abide (undeservedly, in most cases) where memory fails. Their character is decidedly synthetic, like a plastic toy, but they are a reality and not to be ignored.

I am not trying to set up a dichotomy. It is already a fact of life. I am merely trying to establish the fragility of true art in the theater, as opposed to the enduring dross of the film, the high road and the low road, as it were. And the transience of those in earlier years who were on the high.

And I wish to bring up Miss Billie Burke. The real Billie Burke whom we have forgotten, and should not forget. For there were two: the renowned actress of the British and American stage, and the ephemeral flighty of the films. The real Billie Burke is dead; and the other lives on, mocking the spirit of the former, though gently and not without her own charm.

At one time, Billie Burke was a great star of the stage and a pearl of the theatrical world. A lovely young woman with a fragile air, she began to act almost the moment she was born. Even as a mite, she toured Europe with her parents, played in pantomime in England, and had her first legitimate role in *The School Girl* at the Prince of Wales Theater, London, at the age of 18. It was May of 1903. Her successes built upon each other, and she entered the merry world of musical comedy by singing in *The Blue Moon* and *The Belle of Mayfair* in London.

But her career remained international, just as in her beginning. In 1907, she appeared with John Drew in *My Wife* in New York. Her gaiety, her talent, her versatility made her much in demand, and she moved in grand circles of theatrical life. The public loved her ebullience and beauty, and it was not unnoticed elsewhere, for she replaced the buxom Anna Held in the heart of Flo Ziegfeld (whom indeed she soon married).

It is impossible to catch in words Billie Burke's qualities at that moment of her greatness. She was frothy enough to play trivial romantic roles, and assured enough to take also tragic roles. And she had, besides her beauty and sweetness, a certain hard and wise, yet willful, nature. Perhaps this bedrock pushed her into films, as yet a fairly despised branch of the performing arts. She appeared in *Peggy*, a sentimental thing, and was successful. It led her to an achievement in the classic *A Bill of Divorcement* (1932), in sound, perhaps the last time she appeared in films as an intelligent woman.

Yet her growing success in films signaled the decline of her theatrical career. By the time of Talkies, she was in her forties, and no longer the young belle of the theater. Her mature talent and appearance meant new roles. While the theater could easily use such skill as hers, films had more rigid requirements. The older you got, the more a "character" you had to play. Typecasting, doom for ambitious actors, meant a certain income, but a noncreative future. Her roles became maternal, and often menacing in a foolish way. It was no great step upward to the stock Billie Burke character, a vaporous mother, usually a society woman, kindly, well-intentioned, but a little dotty.

Such types were beloved of Hollywood producers, for they provided a familiar

persona that audiences, mass audiences, could identify with, like the feeble-minded Negro, or the crazy Russian. Billie Burke played her type to perfection, for she was flexible, and her innate gaiety came to good use in this role. Now and then a semi-serious part came her way, almost by accident; for above all, she was reliable.

But though she became a minor celebrity in films, it was at the cost of her past fame. Now, when we can see her tittering on the Late Show, or arguing cheerfully with The Man Who Came to Dinner, we have no idea that behind this stock character stands a great performer. And the newer generations will not know it either.

Her case is that of many others, particularly those actors who cared not for films. Their fames soon vanished when they did. The others, like Billie Burke, who came to the movies, often were forced into trite roles, and remained thus embalmed; I mean such as Edward Everett Horton, Miss Zasu Pitts, Victor Moore, or, more seriously, Walter Huston.

Therefore the memory that survives, if at all, of Billie Burke, is mostly inaccurate. Gone is her song, her laughter, her moments of greatness. Her blithe spirit does not even carry over into her brief appearance as Glinda, Good Witch of the West, in *The Wizard of Oz*.

At such a failure of memory, we ought to call in Clio, muse of History, to rectify the matter. I have tried, but left the deeper matters and harder facts alone. For me, Billie Burke lives only as a woman of charm, character, and beauty. I have not the historical perspective.

Thus, I hope that the matter has been brought to light and will attract the proper historian. If we can spend so much time bringing back the Romans, perhaps some little effort can be given to one of the good things that has happened to the human race in recent times. And we need the memory of joy and grace now, more than ever, to inspire our future. □

Kim Benston

Lionel Trilling's Criticism of Life

"The poet avoids making those doctrinal utterances about the nature of life, about life's goodness or badness or perfectibility, which, if he rests in them, will prevent his going on to his full poetic vision."

—Lionel Trilling, "The Poet as Hero: Keats in His Letters"

The late Lionel Trilling's writing has been a major intellectual and moral force in our culture for well over three decades. Beginning with a critical biography of Matthew Arnold (1939), and encompassing a novel, *The Middle of the Journey* (1947), a study of E.M. Forster (1943), and several collections of essays—*The Liberal Imagination* (1950), *The Opposing Self* (1955), *A Gathering of Fugitives* (1956), *Beyond Culture* (1966), *Sincerity and Authenticity* (1972), and *Mind in the Modern World* (1972)—Trilling's career rivals Edmund Wilson's and Irving Howe's as an American testament to the creative and affective powers of critical genius. His work, like Wilson's and Howe's, was primarily concerned with the self in its relation to society. He believed that the critic's role is to scrutinize and refine the best ideas current in society and that the critic's aim, like the poet's and the practical man's, is to so discriminate among ideas, passions, and interests as "to see the object as it really is." And, whether he was analyzing specific texts or centuries of literary development, Trilling was a master discriminator.

Trilling once described culture as "life's continuous evaluation of itself." Thus he felt that, as contributor and advisor to culture, the critic, like the artist, ideally produces an ongoing "criticism of life." He admired Arnold's belief that the critic must be "the *undulating and diverse* being of Montaigne" and his writing as a whole shows a remarkable flexibility of interest and attitude. Some of Trilling's interpreters have mistaken this virtue for inconsistency or have been led by it to allege that Trilling reversed positions during the course of his career. I want to challenge these views. It seems to me that Trilling's work offers us a richness of perception unified by a deep understanding of literary and cultural issues. Indeed, every page of his writing resonates with the habitual music of his seriousness—and, I want to argue, every page conveys the urgency and dignity of a "full poetic vision."

I.

Anyone who notes the inimitable tone in which Trilling wrote the words "The Liberal Imagination" will be likely to reflect that Trilling himself was a liberal and imaginative critic; in both cases, an inflection falls subtly yet unmistakably on the noun. Yet that inflection is misleading if it leaves the impression that it was the mere *fact* of imagination that Trilling was interested in, or that he was engaged in a campaign of politicizing the creative faculties. Trilling, whatever his critics may say, was not a promoter of cultural ideologies; the intellectual and poetic traditions which he devoted his life to understanding and revaluing are ones which were integral to his own being. So it may be a little harder than it seems to estimate who his predecessors are. James and Forster, yes; they are acknowledged influences, of an immediate kind. Fitzgerald and Hemingway, yes; pervasively, though perhaps less obviously. And, further back, John Stuart Mill, with his elevated common sense; Matthew Arnold, with his concern for the best that has been thought and said, for the institutionalizing of standards, for a literature which (though in ways significantly different from those native to Trilling's sensibility) promotes life, energizes and renews; Keats, with his complex moral interests and his sense of the tragic dimensions to man's life. All these are perhaps obvious forerunners; and Trilling devoted his scrupulous and qualifying attention to all of them. Yet I have the feeling that, if there is a radical affinity between him and any earlier writer, it is with none of these so much as with Wordsworth—the Wordsworth not only of the poems but of the Prefaces and the letters—and that what he most brought to consummation by working out, exemplifying, and refining in works of practical criticism was Wordsworth's central insights into the organic nature of the creative and moral sensibilities. Wordsworth, too, unlike Coleridge, based his insights not on metaphysical speculation but on a remembered *experience* of the imagination at work; and in Wordsworth, as in Trilling, the sense of that working is also a sense of the actual world which is its basis and its subject, even, in some sense, its medium.

In saying this I am not wantonly trying to invent "traditions" for Trilling to have reworked; I am trying to depart from the line of comment established by those for whom Trilling is mainly a controversial figure, whether as a "puritan," an "elitist," an "apologist" for culture, or as anything else. His legacy has already suffered as a result of the completeness, as well as the firmness, of his own critical enterprise. There is too much talk of what he "stood for," too little attention to what he said. The hostile pronounce on him before reading carefully, the admiring read every word and then repeat *ad nauseam* whichever of them can be converted into cliché. Both end by talking about his "attitudes" or "politics" rather than by trying to estimate his judgments and vision. Yet it is obvious that if we are to take Trilling seriously we must pay equal attention to his announced view of the critical

In the 1940s Trilling quarreled with liberalism's "impulse of organization," its preference for clearly-etched, absolute, final solutions to complex moral problems.

function—"to see the object as it really is"—and to his constant (and self-qualifying) activity as a critic, to his explanation of his aims and to his confrontation with writers who, for one reason or another, most interested him. After all, it would be unscholarly and unkind in the extreme to estimate Arnold merely by the most quotable extracts from "The Literary Influence of Academies" and "The Study of Poetry." Great critics are not quarrelsome pundits; they do not erect their ideological billboards in an imaginative void; they live as critics of those creative works which engage their most profound and complete attention.

If, however, Trilling is not to be judged simply according to the system of values which his statements of intention seem to adumbrate, he was perhaps a more systematic *practical* critic than one usually remembers him as being. In a sense, he was perhaps more systematic than any other great critic before his generation; and the reason surely lies in his role as teaching member of a great university. His public criticism is an expression, and an inevitably systematized one, of his teaching; and his achievement presupposes an intellectual community actually at work, even as it helps to create one. With F.R. Leavis, Trilling believed that "all criticism aims implicitly at creating a community"—hence his controversial but insistent use of the pronoun "we" in critical discourse. Neither Eliot nor Arnold, neither Coleridge nor Samuel Johnson, whatever other advantages they enjoyed over him, had *that* advantage. By comparison with him, the earlier great critics have a quality of the amateur of genius. One mark of his "professionalism" was that he was perennially directing his attention to the adequacy of his own critical concepts, if not as "tools" of his judgments, then as exploratory instruments of his sensibility. Hence, the affinity is with Wordsworth, whose Preface to the *Lyrical Ballads* (Second Edition) is distinguished by just such a self-qualifying attentiveness. And, in the end, this essential habit of the teacher-critic enabled Trilling not merely to test his own concepts but to extend and refine those of his great predecessors.

I do not wish to further any image of him as the dour professional; still less do I envisage a sort of dedicated and mercenary parasite or middleman. His concern with the adequacy of his own and his precursors' concepts is of a piece with—indeed, quite patently arises from—his openness before the literature which he loved and to which he was anxious to do justice. It is the product not so much of professionalism as of a kind of searching, scrupulous, self-checking reverence. A critic's response to a work can never be coterminous with, or exhausted by, his formulations of it; yet a response can be more or less adequate to the work, and a formulation more or less adequate to the response. It is a recognition of these facts that gives Trilling's criticism, in contrast to today's avant-garde gesture of despair before the text, its unique ambitiousness of being a "criticism of life."

Given the existence of this quality, it is obvious that we cannot wholly account for Trilling by calling his a quasi-Wordsworthian, any more than we can account for Wordsworth by calling him a quasi-Miltonian. Nor could Trilling have inherited the concern from Johnson or Coleridge. Between him and Johnson, on the one side, there is a temperamental as well as a procedural gulf as large as that between him and Coleridge, on the other. Johnson is always using his critical judgments to establish his own stature and authority, not, perhaps, as is often supposed, by a habit of swaggering self-assertion but at any rate by a retrospective attitude of "*Quod scripsi, scripsi.*" We are as much conscious of ***him***, of what he is, a presence and witness, as of his actual formulations. The genuine magnanimity to which the cadences of his prose attest is won from the attempt to balance an openness to certain foreign kinds of experience against a passion for moral justice and a terror at life's probabilities. In Coleridge, there is a restless, even eager alternation between detailed insight and metaphysical system, now teasing a particular judgment out to act as an illustration of some abstract scheme, now faltering in the design of his scheme to record some brilliant isolated perception. It is not only his concern with metaphysics which makes him so alien to Trilling (who, with Leavis, was perhaps the leading nominalist of modern criticism); it is also his temperament, which gives him so different, indeed so disconcerting, a purposiveness. In contrast to both Coleridge and Johnson, Trilling (whether nominalist or not) begins and ends in a scrupulous attention to the actual.

If, then, Trilling does so little to resume or extend the criticism of Johnson or Coleridge, to what extent were his roots in Arnold? The resemblance is certainly greater: the detached aristocracy of the spirit forced to live in a belittling world; the sense of certain works as touchstones for judgments; the concern that the creative mind should be adequate for its historical position; the sense of the possibilities which literature carries for profound renewal; the open "political" interest: all these, and more. Yet, again, the temper is different; and one might point to the difference by saying that one would never expect to find Trilling praising a work for its power to *console*. It is not only Arnold's practical procedures that are inferior (he is, after all, content with surprisingly loose critical formulations), it is his spiritual and even mental courage; he could stand to contemplate less than his biographer and student.

Wordsworth, it seems to me, is the closer filiation; yet to establish it one has to pass over both the immense difference in terminology and the fact that, in an important sense, Wordsworth was not a "critic" at all. If the terms of Wordsworth's concepts do not speak directly to us, we shall never understand him at all; unlike Trilling, he offers no detailed practical analysis which will mediate those terms to us. He writes with the seeming abstractness of a theorist. Yet when one has read him, one does not have the sense of having been presented with mere theory; rather, one gains access in theoretical terms to a creative and very particular process of imaginative life. And it is this experiential quality which gives Trilling so strong a resemblance to Wordsworth.

If Trilling shares with Wordsworth a reliance on personal observation, he shares both with Wordsworth and with many modern writers who are not literary critics an "existential" stress on bringing into activity not merely the mind or the emotions but the *whole person*. Trilling's appellation for this unified personality was the highly problematic one of "mind." By "mind" Trilling did not mean merely "rational intellect" as opposed to emotion or impulse. Rather, he desired to heal this nagging Cartesian dualism through the relocation of imagination and emotion within the traditional mental process. He conceived of man's faculties as mutually sustaining and "mind" was his term for this human ideal.

It is, then, crucial to state of Trilling that he, in a similar but more self-conscious manner than Wordsworth, valued both the rationalist humanism of the Enlightenment and the impulse towards self-definition of Romanticism. On one hand, he believed (following Arnold) that modern man's fate is in great measure determined by the wholly secular exigency of *culture*, or "reason experienced as a kind of grace by each citizen, the conscious effort of each man to come to the realization of his complete humanity" (*Matthew Arnold*). On the other hand, he felt (after Hegel) that modern man seeks to detach or "alienate" himself from culture as a necessary element of self-realization. The conflict between culture—the principle of condition, limitation, or Law—and self—the motive of freedom, pure energy, or Spirit—was the central issue of Trilling's entire *oeuvre*. And the third

term of this dialectic, its binding imperative, was Trilling's *moral* urgency which, far from producing a sum of moral judgments, resulted in a complex "criticism of life."

II.

To understand both the continuity and subtlety of Trilling's work we must set straight the confusing and often misrepresented nature of his "moral" tone. What Trilling, following Wordsworth, saw, and what his contemporaries, like Eliot, Richards, Empson, Ransom, did not see, or at least did not see so clearly, is that the "morality" of a literary work is organic to its imaginative growth, from seed to full blossom, yet organic in such a way that, if one is to estimate that imaginative working and achievement, one cannot dispense entirely with a moral terminology. I think this is important. All good critics become embarrassed with a "moral" language in assessing creative works, because they are conscious that such a language is not only inadequate to present the full literary experience but is also, because of its associations with ethical action and prescription, apt to be misleading. They may believe, as did Lawrence, that "the essential function of art is moral"; yet they are also aware that this perception is too often confused with the platitudinous act of declaring moralistic attitudes.

There are two standard ways of evading the dilemma thus raised. One is the way of such a critic as Yvor Winters, and it consists in assimilating imaginative terms to moral ones. The other is perhaps the more usual way, and it consists in so assimilating morality to the real or fancied process of the imagination that moral terms disappear entirely, to be replaced by concepts like "tension" and "irony," or by some metaphysical conception of the work of art as an autonomous entity. Neither of these responses is a mere evasion; they are attempts to deal with a problem which is nearly insoluble, at least in theoretical terms. Yet both, I think, have unfortunate results, because they distract our attention from certain dimensions of the work, sometimes structural, sometimes historical, sometimes even personal and visionary.

Trilling, of course, was consistently aware of this difficulty, and his use of the phrase "moral realism" was a way of dealing with it. It helps to keep in the forefront of our attention two paradoxes: that a work of art is the result of a unique and mysterious process, yet it matters and ministers to human life; and (more implicitly) that the "morality" of a work of art must be predicated of the whole work, of its source, of its process, of its achievement, and of its effect. For Henry James, that morality "is in reality simply a part of the richness of inspiration—it has nothing to do with the artistic process and it has everything to do with the artistic effect." This strikes me as an unfortunate distinction and, to judge from his critical writings, it struck Trilling the same way. "Moral realism" is the key to his interest; it is a phrase which, in the sense it gives of the simultaneity of vision and fact, goes far beyond James' limited notion of "inspiration." Trilling defines his terminology first and most succinctly in his study of Forster: moral realism is "not the awareness of morality itself but of the contradictions, paradoxes, and dangers of living the moral life." For Trilling, great works of art achieve moral realism by an intricacy, even a studied ambiguity, of moral valuation and, from *The Liberal Imagination* to *Sincerity and Authenticity*, he was devoted to showing how the anatomizing of any work will bring out the nature, at every part of its body, of the imaginative-moral life which has formed it. Or malformed it. The famous essay on Parrington and "reality in America" in *The Liberal Imagination*, for example, shows how scrupulously he analyzed the workings of a critical imagination until the logic of his analysis drove him to an open ethical protest. It is not often that he talks about a work's *effect*; in this he is quite unlike the moralistic critic, who tends always to do so. But he is also unlike the opponents of the moralist, the critic with transcendentalist leanings of one sort or another, who tends to examine archetypes and "universals," or the critic who can see nothing beyond "devices" and "technique."

If we seek a forerunner for this scrupulous habit of Trilling's it cannot, I think, be Arnold, who might seem at first sight the obvious choice. Arnold is certainly aware of both sources and effects, and he tries always to hold in relation the apprehensions of the world from which the work results and the apprehensions of the world to which it leads. The trouble is, he sees the relation too simply, and he sees it, as it were, as being unmediated. He is so concerned with source and effect that he often forgets the work itself; and he speaks often as though a poet wrote to produce in the reader, by a process of relatively simple transference, the feelings, of wonder, consolation, or fellowship, which he had felt himself. Again, Wordsworth is a much nearer relation. He says of the poet: "He is a man speaking to men... delighting to contemplate similar volitions and passions as manifested in the goings-on of the Universe, and habitually impelled to create them where he does not find them." Impelled, that is, not to mere self-release, or self-expression, or momentary desire to communicate to others his sense of his own vitality; he is a man "singing a song in which all human beings join with him," and is therefore, in a quite mysterous way, a representative man. He is "an upholder and preserver, carrying everywhere with him relationship and love"; yet his "passions and thoughts and feelings are the general passions and thoughts and feelings of men" and they are connected with "our moral sentiments and animal sensations." On this account, the poet is perhaps the only fully representative man. But he is enabled to be so because he is a man of "more than usual *organic* sensibility" (my emphasis). It is in that word "organic" that we find the nexus of elements which, since Wordsworth's day, have been split so far apart that people take them as opposites, and which Trilling strove to restore to unity—as, indeed, it was Hawthorne's, James', Freud's, and other of Trilling's touchstone writers' life-work to do. Wordsworth, of course, was relatively unselfconscious in speaking of them: "...habits of meditation have, I trust, so prompted and regulated my feelings, that my description of such objects as strongly excite those feelings will be found to carry along with them a *purpose*." How different this language is from Trilling's, yet how similar the vision of the creative fact. It is a vision of the creative process as imaginative-moral, of a process of understanding and feeling which produces the literary work and which that work, in its turn, acts out.

The consistency of this vision accounts, in great part, for the intellectual continuity of Trilling's critical work. Yet a richer explanation of this continuity is available from a deeper understanding of "moral realism." In the definition quoted above, Trilling stresses the complexity of the moral life; elsewhere in the Forster book, he states that "improbability is the guide to life." In this early study, then, we have the clue to Trilling's abiding moral and intellectual concern—that dialectic of culture and self which combines a strong feeling for the shaping and abstracting powers of man's mind with a profound sense of how nightmarish the resultant structures might become. We may state the essential question raised by Trilling's work in this way: can modern man find a freedom which is not a chaos, and can he establish an identity within society which is not a prison? In the 1940s, Trilling perceived the danger to human fulfillment, to mind, as residing principally in culture's power to pattern the self in an imprisoning design not of the self's choosing. Hence his famous quarrel, evinced mainly in *The Liberal Imagination*, against liberalism's "impulse of or-

Still consistent, he later quarreled with the opposite excess: a reckless anarchy of formlessness caused by the growing desire to be beyond all definition and patterning, to step utterly "beyond culture."

ganization," its preference for clearly-etched, absolute, final solutions to complex moral problems. During a period of ideological simplicity within the liberal establishment, Trilling thought criticism had to "recall liberalism to its first essential imagination of variousness and possibility, which implies the awareness of complexity and difficulty." Liberalism, a programmatic reduction of the Enlightenment's trust in reason tinged with Marxist ideology, inclined towards purely mechanical explanations of human action. Its extreme rationalist position ignored, as Trilling (again, echoing Wordsworth) put it, "the simple fact that the life of reason, at least in its most extensive part, begins in the emotions."

fear remained that expressed in *The Liberal Imagination*: will the individual realize himself in organic fullness despite an excessive leaning towards one side of the dialectic between Law and Spirit? Trilling recognized that an essential paradox lies at the heart of this dialectic. For, as Tony Tanner has observed most eloquently, to exist, a person, like a vision or a culture, needs outline—there can be no identity without contour; yet contours arrest, they involve restraint, rigidity, even suffocation. It is no wonder Trilling called the dialectic from which man must wrench self-definition "man's tragic fate." Those critics unable or unwilling to accept this limitation to the human will naturally see Trilling as an enemy of

To exist, a person, like a vision or a culture, needs outline—there can be no identity without contour; yet contours arrest, they involve restraint, rigidity, even suffocation.

As contemporary life itself progressed through complexity and paradox, Trilling came to sense in radical thought a development away from liberalism's too-simplistic systematic reasoning towards the opposite excess: a reckless anarchy of formlessness caused by the growing desire to be beyond *all* definition and patterning, to step utterly "beyond culture." Tracing in modern literature an increasing disaffection toward the life afforded it by received cultural ideas, Trilling, in the essays collected in *The Opposing Self* and *Beyond Culture*, warned against the urge to shed all explanations and conditions. In a much-maligned discussion of William Dean Howells, Trilling said: "When we yield to our contemporary impulse to enlarge all experience, to involve it as soon as possible in... the oneness of spirit—an impulse with which, I ought to say, I have considerable sympathy—we are in danger of making experience merely typical, formal, and *representative*.... We lose [then] the actuality of the conditioned, the literality of matter, the peculiar authenticity and authority of the merely denotative." In other words, the desire for life as a series of unmediated spontaneities, when culturally pervasive, becomes itself a new kind of convention as restrictive as liberalism's cold formalities and simplifications.

As Trilling continued to explore the dangers of a new intellectual "Establishment" based on the unchecked fluidity of pure will, he came under attack as a supposed enemy of "spirit," as a spokesman for a "conservative imagination" which allegedly seeks to trap and confine the individual within dreadful limits. But clearly, as the passage from his Howells essay shows, Trilling did not harden with age into a tyrannical defender of existing orders; indeed, his position was remarkably, and courageously, consistent. His spirit itself. It seems clearly to me, however, that his vision, like Freud's, intended a blow to human pride in the ultimate service of a truly human ideal.

Freud's name is not arbitrarily invoked here in connection with Trilling's later work. For, if Wordsworth, as an exemplar of fruitful reconciliation between the Enlightenment and Romanticism, was Trilling's steady companion, Freud was his chief advisor during his battle against our contemporary flight from reason and culture. Up to the time of *The Opposing Self*, Arnold, with his emphasis on the need for imagination and intellectual "alienation" in the best formulation of culture, was perhaps Trilling's primary explicit authority. As Trilling saw a shift occurring in the crisis of modern man from a lack of imagination to a deficient sense of cultural roots, Freud—especially the Freud of *Civilization and Its Discontents*—took Arnold's place.

Freud's and Trilling's thought intersect at two crucial junctures of Trilling's vision, that is, his insistence on the wholeness of human life and his unremitting adherence to "moral realism." Freud's "research into the self" (Trilling's phrase) was a synthesis of the Enlightenment's scientific exploration of reality ("research") and Romanticism's descent into the private psyche ("self"). Freud discovered within the self a strife among human possibilities, and his consequent definition of man integrates the particular faculties which the Enlightenment and Romanticism had claimed for themselves. Freud thus provides Trilling what the latter would call an "explanatory myth" of man, one which delineates him as complex but whole—the very essence of Trilling's "mind."

In addition to the "explanatory myth" of mind, Trilling gained from Freud a "moral myth" (again the phrase is Trilling's own) of mind's fate in culture. Freud's attitude towards culture was ambivalent. The self is shaped by culture and, moreover, is forever involved with culture's continuing reformations and redefinitions. Yet, as Trilling observed, "Freud's view of culture is marked by an *adverse* awareness, by an indignant perception" which the individual brings to his relation with the civilization that spawned him. The self is always struggling against its milieu and, though complete separation is impossible, the very notion of selfhood is a result of the mind's "adverse awareness" of that controlling environment. Thus, in his famous essay, "Freud: Within and Beyond Culture," Trilling stresses Freud's "tragic regret over the necessary involvement with culture."

Trilling's later work, then, is a reminder to those who believe in a *totally* adversary attitude—a rejection of all that passes under the label "culture"—of the necessity, or inevitability, of civilization's demands. Yet he no more wished individuals to submit to society's structures than he asked them to ignore the power of those structures. He still wrote as a servant of the self. Hence his welcome of Freud's emphasis on the *biological* factor in human fate as a "liberating idea." "It suggests that there is a residue of human quality beyond the reach of cultural control, and that this residue of human quality, elemental as it may be, serves to bring culture itself under criticism and keeps it from being absolute."

Trilling's perpetual concern was that the "absolute"—whether embodied in facile "liberal" patterns or in the irresponsibility of pure will—not arrest the vital dialectic between self and culture and hence overwhelm the tragic rhythm of human complexity. Freud's "tragic regret" is, in fact, another expression of Trilling's "moral realism." They are "moral myths" which, while accepting delimitation as necessary to human definition, express the hope that the sense and experience of identity are not wholly at the mercy of the conditioning forces around us.

III.

Freud's biologically achieved "freedom" from culture may be only another absolute, a restrictive notion which merely pours the individual into a different, yet similarly predetermined mold. Trilling's reliance on Freud has perhaps obscured from us his signal knowledge of the transcendence which springs from a tragic vision of life. The most profound and cogent expression of this insight is found not in Trilling's criticism but, instead, in his one long work of fiction, *The Middle of the Journey*. Here we have a fuller working out of the ambiguities and possibilities engendered by "moral realism" than any single critical work can offer. I choose this novel of 1947 as an illustration of Trilling's essential vision deliberately, for it boldly manifests the qualities of spiritual intensity and perspicuity

which, finally, define the homogeneity of the critical canon.

Superficially, *The Middle of the Journey* is a critique of post-World War II liberal thinking. Its hero, John Laskell, is an urban planner with vague sympathies for the Communist Party. His closest friends, Arthur Croom, an academic economist, and Arthur's wife, Nancy, are more loyal "fellow travelers." Laskell and the Crooms' relation to the Party is evinced by their mutual association with Gifford Maxim, a dedicated Marxist who has been engaging in "secret" activities for the Party. Not far into the novel, however, these characters, particularly Laskell and Maxim, are shaken from their complacent acceptance of dialectical materialism and utopian hopes. Maxim has suddenly "broken" from the Party and its strict explanation of reality. Laskell, having recovered from a near-fatal attack of yellow fever, spends a summer vacation with the Crooms and finds their inability to speak of death and the "claims of the past" a jolt to his own faith in the absolute sanctity of the future.

The greater portion of *The Middle of the Journey* details Laskell's stay with the Crooms, which is marked by everyone's failure to communicate significant feelings and ideas. The Crooms, for example, have an unquestioning adoration for a local craftsman, Duck Caldwell, because he represents for them the hard, concrete, proletarian reality in which they want to believe. Laskell sees in Duck resentment, hostility, and vulgarity, but the Crooms will speak of him only with praise. On the other hand, Duck's wife, Emily, earns the Crooms' enmity by her eccentricity and "reactionary" attraction to such passé ideas as Spengler's pessimism. Laskell, too, finds Emily intellectually crude, even silly, but she is also kind, forthright, and sensual—and he eventually has an affair with her.

But the real clash between Laskell and the Crooms is precipitated by Maxim, though he is not present until the novel's climax and conclusion. When Laskell tells them of Maxim's "defection" from the Party they are incredulous. They reveal that inadequacy of imagination and susceptibility to surprise which Trilling in his early criticism ascribed to liberalism. Nancy, who, like The Princess in James' *The Princess Casamassima* (one of Trilling's favorite works), craves a knowledge of things "real" and "solid," is especially dumbfounded; her vision of Maxim upset, she can only account for his change by calling him "insane." Laskell, however, senses that his friend's action, whatever its particular logic, was quite purposeful.

Laskell's intuition is a consequence of his and Maxim's interdependence, and the novel is structured upon the inextricability of their fates. When we meet Maxim, he has just "broken" and has come to beg a favor of the recuperating Laskell. Having forsaken the role that had defined him for so many years, Maxim feels he has "no existence." He is desperate, therefore, to establish his name publicly, and he asks Laskell to arrange for him a writing job with a small liberal journal. Laskell, too, has lost his bearings. While very ill, he had become fixated upon a rose that lay beside his bed. "Static in its beauty," the flower creates in Laskell a "strange desire," one totally satisfied, "a kind of fullness of being, without any of the nagging interruptions of personality." Quite simply, his passion for the flower is "a love affair with non-existence." Once recovered from his illness, with the fresh skin of a "new-born babe," Laskell, like Maxim, finds himself in the middle of a journey where will is neither entirely full nor absent, where the self knows at most its name and the fascination-terror of an imagined nonbeing.

Trilling charts their respective self-reconstructions with psychological and symbolic precision. Maxim embraces a new abstract pattern, which he enunciates in his first article, an explication of Melville's *Billy Budd* as an allegory of Necessity's, or Law's, struggle with Freedom, or Spirit. This deliberate reduction of the text allows Maxim to declare his complete ideological turnabout, for, as Laskell tells him, "You said that this world was the field of Law... not of Freedom. You denied in effect the possibility of the ultimate social aims of revolution.... you spoke from a religious point of view." If the Party preached the inevitability of revolution's historical fulfillment, Maxim's new faith proclaims the eternal human enslavement to God's order. Original sin neatly replaces utopia as the unalterable essence of Maxim's doctrinal ground for existence.

Laskell's redefinition of life is achieved less easily and is more complex; it is harder to state than Maxim's because its essence is anti-systematic. When Laskell comes closest to exact formulation of a new philosophy—"life sets limits and it insists on acting within them"—he is ensnared in an embarrassing and irritating quarrel with Nancy.

"He passionately wished he knew what he was talking about—that is, knew it to explain, not just to feel. He reached out blindly and said, 'It's like making sonnets.... You set the pattern, a difficult pattern, and the effect comes from conforming to it. And when you conform to it successfully, you overcome it and it serves your purpose.'...

" '*Conforming* to it, indeed!' There was a full contempt in Nancy's emphasis. 'You sound positively feudal.' "

This is an exquisitely mimetic passage of almost Shavian brilliance. For what Laskell wishes to define is the inexpressible triumph of mind over the material that gives mind shape, of the self over the very forms it creates as evidence of its existence and power. If life, so conceived, seems not just complex but even paradoxical, then, Trilling would smile to say, it effectually realizes the ideal of "moral realism."

The contrast between Maxim's and Laskell's concepts is thus depicted as that between rigid classification and moral circumspection, and the narrative moves steadily towards their explicit confrontation. This imaginative-moral conflict occurs after the shocking death of the Caldwells' young daughter, Susan, which Trilling contrives as an image of moral realism's tragic mysteriousness. Susan is to read at a community bazaar the four stanzas Blake prefixed to *Milton*. She has chosen these lines "because of the gestures" which serve as mnemonics for the poem's images—the bringing of bows, the building of Jerusalem, etc. She practices her recitation for Laskell who listens approvingly until she reaches the final stanza and declares "I will *not* cease from Mental Fight," stamping "her foot in a passion of refusal." Because he genuinely loves Susan and wishes to save her from a "childishly" histrionic performance, Laskell has her amend her inflection to an even level of "*I will not cease* from Mental Fight." Susan's public presentation goes smoothly until this final stanza when, momentarily forgeting Laskell's "improvement," she stamps her foot and staunchly declares, "I will *not* cease..." Dismayed, she halts and repeats the line in Laskell's fashion and, with the aid of his offstage cue, completes her oration with aplomb. Yet Duck, who has unexpectedly come to hear his daughter, strikes the girl in a drunken pique at her "disgrace." Susan, who, unbeknownst to her father, has a weak heart, falls dead.

Trilling understood life to be a journey, a never-ending quest for self-fulfillment in which all human faculties participate under the aegis of "mind."

Beyond their initial bewilderment and sadness, the protagonists find themselves shaken in their usual notions of culpability; for who, truly, killed Susan? Duck, who was unaware of her fragility? Emily, who did not tell her husband about Susan's heart condition because she feared his contempt for physical weakness? Laskell, who tried to reform Susan's natural response to the poem because he feared his friends' smirking judgment of her outmoded method of reciting? Culture, as the Crooms believe, with its "social causes, education or lack of education, economic pressure" and imposed "character-pattern" which "all go to explain

and account for any given individual's actions''? Or, as Maxim gleefully asserts, all humanity?: ''Let me show you the advantage of my system.... Duck can be forgiven. I can personally forgive him because I believe that God can forgive him. You see, I think his will is a bad one, but not much worse, not different in kind, from other wills. And so you [i.e., the Crooms] and I stand opposed. For you—no responsibility for the individual, but no forgiveness. For me—ultimate, absolute responsibility for the individual, but mercy.''

Laskell's response to this choice of ''systems,'' the Crooms' placing the entire emphasis upon culture, Maxim's upon the self, is a rejection of absolutism which achieves a reconciliation of all perceptions: ''An absolute freedom from responsibility—that much of a child none of us can be. An absolute responsibility—that much of a divine or metaphysical essence none of us is.... I didn't make myself and I don't dare cut my connection with all the things in the world that made me. I cannot hold myself free of these things. I will blame them when they injure and reduce me, as they do every moment of the day. And for that matter, I cannot avoid my gratitude to them.''

Laskell has reached a position of ''adverse awareness'' of all systems, an acceptance of ''life'' as he had earlier gropingly defined it. He sees that standard notions of moral cause-and-effect are complicated by human passion, that responsibility and fate are equally bound into every statement and act. His is a morality that does not concern itself, as do Maxim's urbane categorizations, with the taking up of attitudes to experience; it is willing to speak only of what that experience truly is. It is a renunciation not of involvement but of ''those doctrinal utterances about the nature of life'' which make involvement simply meddlesome. As Maxim tells Laskell: ''You spoke up for something between. Call it human being in maturity, at once responsible and conditioned.'' And Maxim dismisses his adversary's view as a dead creed: ''The supreme act of the humanistic critical intelligence—it perceives the cogency of the argument and acquiesces in the fact of its own extinction.''

Laskell accepts this description: he *is* a representative of humanism and its criticism of life which at once rejects for man the roles of angel and brute. ''But,'' he asserts as their agon concludes, ''you are wrong on one point—I do not acquiesce.'' He may well have stamped his foot, for here he declares his kinship with Blake and his love for Susan. A man forever in the middle, he accepts the claims of an unmasked, responsible will which is neither wholly satisfied in contemplation of death nor utterly empty in rejection of love.

When Laskell leaves the Crooms he takes with him a wooden bowl which Emily had made for the bazaar. It is not a particularly handsome work, anachronistic in its abstract cubism, awkward in its overall design. ''Oh, it was so thoroughly not good,'' Laskell thinks; ''yet somehow it contained so much that had been tried and fought for in confusion and pain; for although it synopsized so much recent art it must also have some particularity of the individual who had made it.'' This bowl, like Keats' Grecian urn and its inscription which Trilling so admired, is a challenge to the ugly, controlling forces that seek man's submission. Like Keats' ''beauty,'' Emily's bowl synthesizes an accepted reality (here, older art forms) and personal vision. It is a product of dark, tragic conflict between the self and the limitations life thrusts upon it, and it is a transcendent affirmation of the self's working with and against those limitations. For Laskell, it becomes ''a monument of his summer,'' his interlude between illness and health in which he discovers a tenuous harmony of life and love.

If life and love, like culture and self, join only through tragic recognition of limitation—especially the final limitation of mortality—their union is at least achieved by continual activity, by that dialectic between Law and Spirit which lies at the heart of moral realism. Trilling thus understood life to be a *journey*, a never-ending quest for self-fulfillment in which all human faculties participate under the aegis of ''mind.'' His rejection of ''showy nihilism,'' whether personified in his view by Dreiser in the 1940s or R.D. Laing in the 1970s, was, in our ever-darkening age, perhaps the most unusual and exemplary facet of his vision. We can do no better, I think, than emulate Trilling's courage, and affirm with him: ''I will *not* cease from Mental Fight!'' □

Kenneth H. Hedrick

The Crossroads

It is so very seldom that the Honorable Hubert Horatio Humphrey is right that when he is, the occasion deserves notice. ''We stand today at an historical crossroad,'' he announced, referring to the decision that Congress will make with respect to the Full Employment and Balanced Growth Act of 1976.

When I said that HHH was right, I meant that the adoption or rejection of this bill will indeed prove to be an event of great import. To reject the bill and bury it forever would be an act of consummate statesmanship and wisdom; conversely, to adopt it would be to force the nation onto a Procrustean bed of centralized planning, increased inflation, wage and price controls, labor strife, and the eventual nationalization of vital industries.

The bill, popularly known as Humphrey-Hawkins, is vintage New Deal. It has the smell of bread lines and Woody Guthrie ballads to it, the progressive feds charging to the rescue of the unemployed, protecting the downtrodden, exorcising capitalism's evils. A host of worthies, clerics, mayors, and union honchos (though not one trained economist), appeared before the Joint Economic Committee and in best bleeding-heart style begged for the bill's passage as the final solution for the poor and jobless.

The premise of the bill is deceptively noble. Capitalism has failed and cannot provide enough jobs for the people, therefore the government will fashion jobs out of the whole cloth of ''public service'' and ''public works programs.'' It sounds great, but what programs? Whenever the words ''public works programs'' are mentioned, whatever do they mean? Surely not dams, or highways, for what true-blue environmentalist would stand for another foot of concrete being poured upon the pristine wilderness?

One possible use for this new-harnessed labor is what is known on the campaign trail as ''rebuilding America's railroads.'' There are, alas, several problems with this solution, as Senator Bayh found out. Who says the nation wants the railroads rebuilt? I may prefer to ride the creaky old Reading into Philadelphia but thousands more prefer to drive their own cars and are quite willing to endure the congestion and expense in order to retain control over their own lives. Even if the tracks of every railroad in America were re-laid, if all the cars were spotless and the trains ran on time, I postulate that these new, clean, smooth-riding cars would be just as empty as their predecessors. For one thing, the commuter train is primarily a northeastern and midwestern phenomenon. For another, no rail system can possibly carry the majority of America's workers to the new industrial sites ringing America's growing urban areas, none of which are located in the old railroad network. Finally, even if the problems were eliminated, the ICC and the rail unions would find some reason to screw things up again.

To continue with this example, how

would the jobless be handled to perform the above-mentioned worthy task? Would thousands of the unemployed of all skills or no skills be assembled at dawn in Times Square and transported to the wilds of Westchester County to do pick and shovel work on the Penn Central? It would look like a scene from a Soviet film of the 1930s depicting the Ukrainian wheat harvests. Could you not see it—burly unemployed construction workers, slight unemployed graduate students in pre-Columbian art, shoulder-to-shoulder with sledge hammers in hand, singing "I've been working on the railroad"! The labor squads could carry bright banners with catchy slogans exhorting the men to Stakhanovite levels of production and pictures of their patron saint, Hubert of Minnesota, in pre-election pout.

Other problems with public works programs would be matching skills with people. Would white-collar workers have to get their hands dirty or would we have make-work accounting classes and subsidized chamber groups for unemployed cellists?

Such conundrums alone would sink any reasonable man's desire for such a program without contemplating its cost. The bill would mandate as much spending as needed to reduce the unemployment rate to three percent in four years, and if implemented would result in a growth of the budget between $12 billion and $25 billion over that same period.

Proponents of the bill dismiss this objection by pointing out that the money would be regained by not having to pay out unemployment and welfare claims. However, this is merely part of the myth of the self-generated dollar from Washington. All public monies begin in the private sector and the flow of cash to the public zone would mean a diminution of capital needed for private industries to build new plants and provide real jobs that will last. And what of the people this bill is to help? I cannot believe that acceptance of work would be voluntary. Wages paid for the new jobs cannot be too high or they would attract people already employed. Too low, and few would give up the womb of welfare and unemployment compensation for work. Therefore, there would most likely come a time when men and women without work would be forced to accept jobs at a social cost which could not be measured in dollars. Thus would be raised the specter of involuntary servitude in the name of national recovery.

Let me close with a personal tale which may reveal our future in miniature. At the high school where I misspent my youth in Pennsylvania, the track surrounding our football field was built by the Works Progress Administration (WPA). They were told to lay out a track 440 yards in circumference and they did—on the outside. The inner circumference was only 400 yards, and for four years I had to lay out lanes and relay passing zones of bewildering complexity to accommodate the various events run on that fouled-up stretch of cinders. Strange, whenever I hear a politico promising to do great things for me, I think back on that wasteful, inefficient, and senseless arena of my youth, a personal metaphor for our overregulated society. □

Helen S. Clark

In Defense of Rape

Rape is getting a bad name these days. It is assailed in best sellers, lectures and conferences, newspaper features, and on TV specials. The recently-published *Women's Organizations and Leaders Directory* lists 298 organizations and people under the subject "rape" as well as 177 rape crisis centers, in which, I suspect, few words are said in favor of it. I'd also wager that not one policeman in the country would dare think, much less say, that any rape victim really wanted it to happen.

But let me tell you a secret—chances are she really did. I shall have to work into the subject.

A glance at any paperback bookstand proves that the publishing industry relies heavily on novels of romance. But this lust and mush is the only genre which does not attract both sexes. As any librarian will attest, cowboy novels and tough-guy adventures are read by women as well as men. But only women read romances—an interesting observation since it hints that the rituals of love which are reaffirmed in both every romance and every reader's heart are peculiar only to women, that the mystery of the female (which is really quite simple) is, all protestations aside, really not too fascinating to men.

But lest you misunderstand, let me tell you briefly about myself. I am a woman executive—I hire and fire. I handle grievance procedures. I go to business lunches, and even on occasion (now get this) pick up the tab. My salary hovers in the top five percent of female workers in the country. I still receive enough proposals of marriage not to worry about it, and I am very pretty. And I read these books. I positively cannot put them down and I must even ration them out to my seething soul, lest my mind turn to gray slush and my sensitivity to throbbing tastelessness.

I have not discovered these books by loitering shamefully near the bookstand at K-Mart and watching selections by less intelligent and more dowdy women. I pass and receive the word from my equally tasteful and intelligent colleagues and friends, and I know from firsthand experience that scratch any female and you will find the flutter: we all wear French cambric and scalloped lace with much more grace than we wear sweatshirts and blue jeans, and we waltz ever so much better than we march in street demonstrations.

Barbara Cartland, Joan Aiken, Sergeanne Golon, Jane Aiken Hodge, Dorothy Eden, Georgette Heyer—romance writers—the list of them goes on and on, and I thank them all for their struggles. They all understand the female ritual of love, and they play it to its fullest. I will describe a typical Georgette Heyer novel to you. She is the queen of Regency romance, a subgenre which needs only Regency England, a few titled lords and ladies, and lots of manners.

There is a stock plot which no reader would ever want altered. The novels are usually written in the third person, since things have to happen to the heroine which she does not understand, and the restrictions of the first person strain the necessary naiveté. She is generally misunderstood, or at least underestimated, by her family and associates and is always a virgin. She can on occasion be a hellion, but if so, has a basic sensitivity which pulls her through. She always has a mind of her own and is more intelligent than all men, save *one*. She does not have to be beautiful—a significant point, considering the vulnerabilities of the audience. She frequently has eyes too far apart and a mouth a bit too wide. One Heyer heroine was a read dowd and got away with it.

On the other hand, the hero is always handsome. He may have cruel eyes, but we'll take care of that. The veteran reader knows instantly when the hero comes on stage because he sneers a bit and has gray eyes. (I have looked some time now for a gray-eyed man and have concluded that it is a genetic characteristic peculiar only to romance novels.) This man is jaded from years of high living and too many women. He has met no one whom he has loved—ardent affairs may splotch his past, but not real love. He is wealthy and titled, preferably a duke. He knows hunting, horses, and boxing. He gambles, but not to abandon, and is not above a duel now and then.

The tension of the love affair can be

built around any number of pesky disturbances: our heroine falls in love with a highwayman (gray eyes) who has saved her from abduction by an evil earl; she is an orphan with no title and no inheritance and thus seemingly unapproachable to a duke into whose path she somehow stumbles; he discovers a plot against his life and suspects that she is part of it; her parents die and she inexplicably finds herself the ward of a gray-eyed duke whom she hates, but who curiously makes her legs go weak.

There is generally no real kissing till the very end, but he might touch her arm and often rakes her face with smoulder-eyes, which brings blood rushing to her cheeks. Some of Miss Heyer's imitators, Barbara Cartland especially, can get down to a kiss or two before the end. Miss Cartland can rip up a few dresses too—the bad earl again—and can even hint that the lace covering the breasts has been forcibly removed. Miss Heyer does none of this, but the bad earl can force a kiss and always get slapped for it, which, drat it anyway, enflames him even more.

And so these books go on, each pulling the reader into the excitement of the seduction. Miss Heyer is the best at it because she writes gracefully, can sustain tension interminably with perfect taste, and provides plenty of humor and detail. She is a scholar, and though her real love is fifteenth-century England, about which she has also written, she is at her best with the Regency romance. It was reported that she has become the darling of the San Francisco homosexuals, something which I'm not prepared to fit into my earlier statement about how no men read romances. Perhaps they recognize some kind of kinship.

I would find little else to say about these foolish books except for three curious things, all connected, even though they may not seem so at a cursory reading. The first is a true story which I hesitate to tell, but which underlines so succinctly what I am stumblingly trying to say, that its indelicacy is justified.

A rather independent and flamboyant friend of mine in her early forties was once reading a Georgette Heyer novel in a doctor's office while waiting for her yearly female check-up. She reported to me that the exam began with the doctor exclaiming that she must be the one with the fungal infection. Upon a moment's reflection she understood and protested that she had merely been reading a romance.

The second curious fact is that Germaine Greer, a woman who ought to know better, isn't smart enough to understand what's going on here. She devotes an entire chapter in her *Female Eunuch* to these romances, and declares: "If women's liberation movements are to accomplish anything at all, they will have to cope with phenomena like the million-dollar Cartland industry."

Now I do not want to take on Miss Greer as to whether or not women are treated fairly. The point is totally superfluous. What I wish to say is that the rituals of lovemaking are a stylized game, regardless of the setting. That there is a strong yen to reaffirm those rituals through romantic literature only points to a commonality in women that Miss Greer should be emphasizing rather than rejecting. She claims that Heyer and Cartland strain the credulity, which of course they do, as do Hardy, the Brontes, Poe, Mrs. Shelley, and Byron, among others. She states: "The only literary form which could outsell romantic trash on the female market is hard-core pornography. The titillating mush of Cartland and her ilk is supplying an imaginative need but their hypocrisy limits the gratification to that which can be gained from innuendo: bypass the innuendo and you short-circuit the whole process. I and my little friends swapped *True Confessions* back and forth because we were randy and curious. If you leave the *Housewives' Handbook [on Selective Promiscuity]* lying about, your daughter may never read Cartland or Heyer with any credulity." She's wrong, of course. There is no "short-circuiting" at all. Prurient interest and romantic urges are as far apart as are, say, Increase Mather and Jacqueline Susann. But before I explain this difference, I will tell you the third curious fact.

A book was published in 1971 called *Vice Avenged* by Lolah Burford (Macmillan, now available in Fawcett paperback). According to the author's note, it is "an 18th century fairy tale, frankly unserious, frankly unrealistic, for a realistic, serious age." It is a Regency romance, and a very strange little book. It is not a piece of frumpery, but gracefully executed fiction, as evident in its elegant opening: "They were sitting in a hell, one night, the Marquis and his special friends. They were tired of cards, the hour was close to four, and they had tried a touch of the new weed that certain of the more unconventional bucks were using, in place of snuff. They cast about for further amusement, idly. They sat like beautiful birds, in their bright shining colours, their hair elaborately dressed, their long graceful fingers lying careless on the table among the equipment of the game, seeming frail, their hard and very real power masked under the lace. In reality, they were a kind of bird of prey, the lines of the downcast nose severe and beaked, the glint in the eye hooded under an effect of ease."

The story is perfect. The gray-eyed Marquis, in his boredom, accepts a wager from his friends to rape a virgin. He accomplishes the act, is found out by the maiden's father and brothers who subsequently beat and torture him until he agrees to marriage. He performs so poorly as a husband that the father packs him off to a French pre-Revolutionary Bastille cell where he almost dies and is finally released. He wanders around France until he discovers that he loves his wife and comes home to her.

At first glance it would appear that the plot departs drastically from the standard convention, but it does not. In light romance the heroine actually gives herself up to the hero at the first encounter. Through enticement he must be shown that he desperately needs to marry, or in other words, make love to her. Heyer novels end with the hero enveloping the heroine in his strong arms and confessing all-consuming desire. Lolah Burford has merely translated the respectable flirtations into rape and the final physical act into spiritual conquest.

Burford is not necessarily more honest than Heyer. She is merely more direct. The honesty in both authors is the same honesty on which all romantic literature is based: that there exists an element of regressive fantasy which can be released through certain associations. Romanticism is wish-fulfillment literature. It is the indulgence of childhood illusions; it translates these illusions into actual, if not particularly real, events. It is not supposed to be real, since its honesty lies in triggering and exploiting illusion. The more effective it is in doing so, or in other words, the less it approaches reality and the more it plays to individual illusion, then the better it is.

And now back to rape. Rape as a ritual of love exists in the fantasy world of every woman. It is a man saying to a woman that she is so desirable that he will defy all rules of honor and decency in order to have her. I would like to be raped. I want it to happen to me exactly as it happened to Cressida in *Vice Avenged*. I want a Marquis to come to my second-story window at night with a ladder. The house should be a country mansion. I will be asleep. He will put on a mask and stuff a handkerchief in my mouth. He will carry me down the ladder and onto his horse. I will be dreadfully frightened and in my fear will only cling to him more tightly since his strength is the only antidote to that fear. We will travel across the moors to the hollow he has marked out. He will carry me to the bed of bearskin rugs and furs which he has laid out. He will make me understand what he means to do and will tell me: " 'But how I go about it can be in large part your decision. There's just you and I, and if there's no one here to help, there's also no one here to watch or know how it is done.' He paused. 'Now if your pride, your virtue, honour, whatever you want to call the thing, demands a forcible rape, I can oblige you. It will be quick, and that would rather suit me, but I warn you frankly you will find it rather shattering and it will frankly hurt.' "

Cressida chooses to cooperate, but asks him to wait because she is frightened. "At first he stayed some inches from her,

making no move to touch her, talking gently to her, mainly nonsense. Then after a while he put a folded rug under his head, and reaching out, gathered her onto the fold of his arms, and lay there breathing quietly, holding her lightly. At that moment, since he felt not the slightest desire for her, his presence was infinitely restful in the quiet night... Although reason would have told her still to be afraid, these things had their way and gentled her, until her heart stilled, and she rested quietly, even drowsily in his arms on his breast... He showed her the patterns on the moon, and what stars could be seen, still in its haze, and which planets had been out—described the little animals that were about them in the woods—chatted lazily about this and that... Years later, she thought to her surprise, she might name these moments as among the most peaceful and most pleasant she would spend. They stretched so calmly, in that still cool light of May as if they had no beginning and would have no ending..."

Of course it is all impossible, but it will happen to me, and when it happens, I will be a virgin. I am waiting for it.

Men do not particularly like or understand *Vice Avenged*. Martin Levin of the *New York Times* said, "Gad, sir, what have we here? A naughty historical novel, by Harry, of the school that used to flood the flaccid fifties." A Richard Freeman in the *Chicago Tribune* "Book World" said: "On the face of it, *Vice Avenged* would seem to be a unique cross between the subtitles of Samuel Richardson's 1740 tear-jerker, *Pamela* (or Virtue Rewarded) and the Marquis de Sade's 1791 rib-smasher, *Justine* (or Virtue Punished). In fact, though, this eighteenth-century pastiche is more sentimental than Richardson and more... well, *sadistic* than the Divine Marquis. Its own subtitle is *A Moral Tale*, but the moral seems to be that even a sane modern writer can't approach the essentially balanced worldview of even the most aberrant of eighteenth-century neurotics." He is bothered by the whippings and torture inflicted on the Marquis and states rather shrewishly that "you can see the book is by a lady author." He calls the punishment "disproportionately lip-smacking and arduous" and hints that Burford is a man-hater. The fellow is just another poor guy all befuddled by the mystery of the female. The feminine psyche has a peculiar twist which translates strong emotions into physical pain and relishes the drama of that pain. (Because of the risk of sounding a bit foolish, I shall not even discuss childbearing.)

Burford has written three other books. *Vision of Stephen* (Macmillan, 1972) is a fantasy of a young boy being tortured by his father and slipping back and forth into different centuries during the torture. *MacLyon* (Macmillan, 1974) is a wild romance about a young virgin who is violently raped and who follows the rapist around the world, selling her body countless times in order to save him. *Edward, Edward* (Macmillan, 1973) is a strange tale of homosexuality, love, subjection, and torture between a young boy and an older man.

These books are all lavishly set in different centuries and are totally improbable. The author even does funny things with sentences every now and then: "But the house was dark, the moon not yet up above the trees, and casting patterned shadows in which he could walk, hardly visible even to a watcher, had there been one." Or: "She lay so limp, he was surprised at the lack of spirit, forgetting the force of his grim threats, and he wondered if she had fainted." The syntax is slightly off, the phrasing almost jagged, and the reader somewhat disoriented. Burford is not attempting reality. She knows women and women's romantic notions and she writes romances directly to these notions. Her treatment of sex is slightly removed and very delicate, pure emotion, all interwoven with physical pain.

Male violence is outward-directed—posses go after bandits, people get shot, battles roar. Female violence is inward—torture, beatings, rape. Males do things to other bodies. Females have things done to their own. I cannot recall one female novelist who described a beating,

for instance, that happened outside of her own character. Mary Stewart, Agatha Christie, and the like, shoot up a lot of people, but it's all very dry and merely gets the plot moving.

Women use violence in fiction for the same reasons men do. They are playing to a common human quirk that is a little more than the yen for excitement. It is the attempt to exploit emotion through physical action, and since the most physical thing that can happen to a body is, with the exception of lovemaking, pain, it is inevitable that violence finds its way into all sorts of fiction. Mr. Freeman simply has not recognized this violence for what it is and has even slipped into the trap of getting a little nervous because of it.

Burford is not the only woman to throw a lot of physical pain into a love story: Golon's *Angelique* series, Mitchell's *Gone With the Wind*, Glascow's *Barren Ground*, Bronte's *Jane Eyre*, Oates' *Garden of Earthly Delights*, Rhys' *Wide Sargasso Sea*, to name a few, use pain in this particular female fashion. Burford chooses the most elegantly stylized of all forms of romance—Heyer's Regency romance—and merely extends it into violence.

Vice Avenged is dedicated to Georgette Heyer. I wish another Burford novel to be dedicated to Germaine Greer, who I am sure is slightly puzzled that the *Housewives' Handbook on Selective Promiscuity* just doesn't do the same thing for her that Heyer novels used to do. I suspect she thinks she's getting old. Novels of romance are not a flirtation with pornography and in fact are just the opposite since the purpose of pornographic literature is to describe reality for those who aren't fully enjoying it. The two types of fiction can achieve the same ends, as my friend on the doctor's table so correctly observed, but pornography can wear thin, since it is, after all, only physical.

Miss Greer should realize that one just cannot get around the truth that romance is more important to women than to men, and since women are so strikingly unique in maintaining this interest, she should begin to wonder why. With apologies for the obvious, I must say that it is the primary purpose of all animals to perpetuate themselves and that furthermore it is the responsibility of the female to see to it that the job gets done. It conveniently happens that every little cell in her body is attuned to this charge, and, as with all the really big things in life—God, growing up, death, etc.—intelligent beings have a tendency to ritualize the things their cells, nerve endings, and hormones so disturbingly tell them to do. The programming is there, nagging and insistent, and I wouldn't dare, for the sake of my sanity, attempt to defy all my little cells when they tell me to cast a commensurate sidelong glance. The ritual merely lends grace to the task and disguises the enormity of its truth.

To discredit the ritual is to deny the truth, and if Miss Greer wishes to do that she should work on inventing other truths. But that would be a big job: it might be possible eventually to breed a female who will blush when entering a sperm bank, but the excessive scientific energy hardly seems worth the effort.

Without romantic urges I would be a mere animal and I cannot feel that this is demeaning or that it will force me to do more than my share of the dishwashing. That's a different problem, and I do not deny that it needs handling. But it is such a *relief* in this world of men and women where one must act with taste and discretion to allow these rather honest feelings their just, if not real due, and so *nice* to offer these shabby cells and foolish sets of nerve synapses a bit of indulgence every now and then.

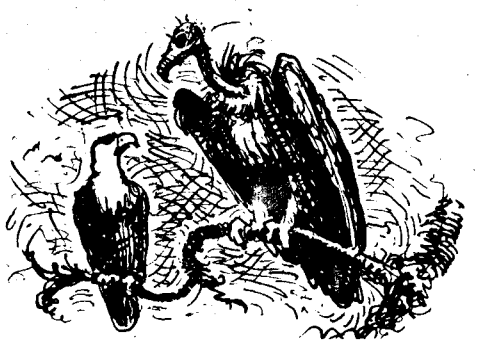
But once again, lest you misunderstand: I was raised by two homesteading parents in the Alaskan woods. We—my mother, sisters, father, and I—pulled stumps every year. We cut down trees and dragged them from the woods to our home. We shot moose and packed in the carcasses. We built cabins. My father called us "you guys." My mother lamented when we discovered lipstick. So you must realize, all you skeptics with suspicions of social indoctrination, I was

not conditioned to be a female—I was simply born one, and it would be as foolish for me to deny this as it would be for a man to deny that he would really rather be a cowboy.

Men escape outward—across oceans, over mountains, to the prairie, out west. They *do* things. Women escape inward to that curious core of irrationality that confuses and bewilders not only all men, but also a few twentieth-century women. These women should take it easy and read Georgette Heyer. She and Burford aren't all that scary. They provide a rational understanding of the irrational. Their novels are compelling because they relax the defenses and satisfy that same yearning for melodrama that Zane Grey satisfies for men. And they do it better than real life or tranquilizers.

I shall be able to read romances forever. Flowers with a fond note from an anonymous admirer; an invitation to the dance penned hastily on cream-colored parchment; gray eyes watching me across the ballroom floor; a light touch on my silken-covered arm; the final kiss as he bends my small body to his own and the flush of my face at the magic of the embrace; and rape, ah rape. □

The Nation's Pulse



by Peter J. Rusthoven

Some Thoughts on the Bicentennial

America's Bicentennial is very much in the news these days. It is difficult to pick up a newspaper or magazine that does not contain an article or feature on some aspect of the nation's rapidly approaching two hundredth birthday. The CBS television network presents each evening a "Bicentennial Minute," in which individuals of varying prominence and repute describe historic events that took place, as the phrase has it, "two hundred years ago today." And predictably enough, a national Bicentennial Commission sits in Washington to preside over the festivities; parallel organizations and committees exist in each of the fifty states and some ten thousand communities throughout the land.

As with most patriotic occasions, celebration of the Bicentennial has been something of a mixed bag. For one thing, patriotism in 1976 seems less the last refuge of scoundrels than of ad-men (though some, perhaps, would contend there is little to choose between the two). Everything from automobiles to beer, from clothing to take-out food, is apparently to be wrapped in the flag this marketing season, as if George Washington, were he still with us, would be driving a white sports car with red and blue racing stripes, and Thomas Jefferson would be picking up his 39-cent Liberty Bell mug on his next purchase of a hamburger at *Jack-in-the-Box*. The Bicentennial has also led to a lot of nonsense, some of it in questionable taste: as Mr. Tyrrell reports in May's "Continuing Crisis," the Midwest Breeders' Cooperative has gone so far as to hold a Bicentennial Semen Sale, complete with pictures of the Father of Our Country on every semen container. And on a less commercial plane, the Bicentennial has inspired a fair amount of that kitschy and largely harmless hoopla which is itself distinctly American. The outstanding performance in this area has been presented by the redoubtable Bill Veeck, who recently repurchased the Chicago White Sox. Veeck decided to honor this historic year by having Manager Paul Richards and another White Sox executive join him in a special presentation of the colors for the Sox home opener. Choosing the famous "Spirit of '76" painting for their motif, the three marched solemnly about the field in the general vicinity of home plate, resplendent in powdered wigs, knee breeches, and other colonial attire; Veeck himself was replete with peg leg (genuine) and bloody head bandage (alas, a mere prop).

Unfortunately, the Bicentennial has also been the "inspiration," if you will, for more harmful nonsense. Any number of trendy causes, from "gay liberation" to the more radical fringes of the women's rights movement, have contended in all humility that their particular special interest embodies the spirit of the American Revolution in modern garb. Most obnoxious of all is the originally named "People's Bicentennial Commission," a group formed, one presumes, to present a "countercultural perspective" on the current celebrations. This outfit is busily churning out paperbacks and pronunciamentos, filled with earnestly pompous assertions about Jefferson's supposed fear of the current "corporate state," or about how the Founders would undoubtedly favor national health insurance or radical redistribution of income were they members of today's Congress. You see, the Founders were really quite "with-it" types—revolutionaries, as a matter of fact—and only the establishment heavies of our era stand between us and the true dreams and aspirations these forefathers had for our land.

But despite commercialism, circus-variety ballyhoo, and the ponderous bleatings of those who would turn this nation into an Albania, there has been much about the Bicentennial that is encouraging and even moving. Thousands of gifts, for example, have come pouring into the White House—handmade flags and artifacts and whatnot—notable less for their beauty (though some appear quite skillfully done) than for their demonstration of citizen desire to contribute to and participate in the public honoring of their land. Some communities have made truly remarkable efforts to learn more about the revolutionary period, about the philosophical and political underpinnings of the country. Most notably, the city of Sheboygan, Wisconsin sponsored a series of public workshops on *The Federalist Papers*, conducted by William J. Bennett, Assistant Director of the National Humanities Center in North Carolina. For several days this spring, hundreds of residents attended intensive lecture and discussion sessions on Madison, Hamilton, and Jay's defense of the Constitution, in an effort both to learn about the past and to discover what the Founders would expect of citizens today. It is difficult to imagine a more meaningful form of citizen observance of the nation's landmark birthday.

It is incidents like this, of course, which make events like the Bicentennial worthwhile. The United States has been called by some, with an eye to our lofty standard of living, "the spoiled child of the Western World." If we indeed deserve that label, however, I believe it is not so much because of our often unthinking enjoyment of vast material blessings, but

rather for the blithe way we take for granted political and cultural traditions unknown to all but a fraction of those who have lived on this planet. It is hardly an insight to note that there is all too little reflection in this country on those aspects of our nation's heritage which have made her unique in the history of mankind. We are not, it seems, a people much given to reflection; and to the extent an event like the Bicentennial prods us to dwell for a time on our history and purposes—as Sheboygan and many other communities demonstrate it has—it is all to the good.

But I believe it should not, finally, require something as dramatic, and unique, and explicitly patriotic as a Bicentennial to force us to think on these matters. For many of the most commonplace events in our land provide daily reminders that this is a nation where responsible individual citizens have historically unprecedented control over the vital aspects of civilized existence.

Consider, if you will, the recent trial of Patricia Hearst—an event as far removed from Bicentennial celebration as one can imagine. The trial, of course, was hardly a commonplace event in many of its features. What did impress me about the Hearst affair, however, was an aspect of the trial which is really not very unusual at all: namely, the role and reactions of the jury.

The *New York Times* of March 22, 1976 contains a fascinating account of this portion of the Hearst story, complete with numerous post-trial quotations from the jurors themselves. It is evident, first of all, that the seven women and five men who sat in judgment of Patricia Hearst took their obligations with extreme seriousness. Each juror, the *Times* notes, "said in his own way that the decision to find Miss Hearst guilty... was the 'most difficult' of his or her life—more difficult, specifically, then the decision to get married, to have children, or to change jobs." Each juror was sensitive as well to those emotional factors present in the Hearst case—as in many others—that inclined one toward sympathy with the defendant; each understood the presumption of innocence until guilt is proven; and each understood his overriding obligation to the law of the nation. As one noted, "Every one of us wanted to believe she was innocent... And when she was first on the stand, everyone's heart went out to her. How could you help it? We felt enormous sympathy for her, but then, at some point in everybody's mind, the sympathy was outweighed by the evidence."

Many observers were convinced during the trial that defense attorney F. Lee Bailey was making mincemeat of Prosecutor James Browning, and that the jury could not fail to be overwhelmed by Bailey's prestige and rhetorical skill. But here, too, the jury demonstrated that its responsible, serious, common-sense approach would prevail. The jurors felt Mr. Bailey's performance was "dramatic" enough, but ultimately thought he had "let them down" by not providing enough hard evidence to support an acquittal. As one juror noted, Bailey simply "wasn't very helpful." And finally, when they had agreed on a verdict, those jurors who had been for conviction from the outset of deliberations were still concerned to be sure they had done the right thing, still careful to protect the defendant's rights by making sure that those jurors who had changed their views had done so freely. After the final vote, said one member of the panel, "We all just sat there. There was silence, a long pause, and then everybody began to talk. We all wanted to make sure that the people who changed over had no doubts. We kept saying to them 'are you sure? Can you go home and sleep and not have any doubts or feel you were pressured into it?' " Clearly, the Hearst jurors were a serious and thoughtful lot, and a credit to our way of doing justice.

All in all, I am enjoying the Bicentennial. I find much of the hoopla amusing, and many of the explicit demonstrations of patriotism quite moving. I am perhaps not as critical of the openly patriotic as some, but then I believe that much of that criticism comes from those whose only claim to sophistication rests on a casual and shallow cynicism. But for all that, my choice for the most moving event of this two hundredth year of our independence is that provided by the jurors of Patty Hearst. They are living indications that individuals can handle important responsibility; that individuals can make the most serious judgments of guilt and innocence with compassion and intelligence; that individuals can, in short, live as free men in a civilized society. It is this, finally, that is the most meaningful feature of the independence we celebrate this year; this which sets us apart from other nations and other philosophies; this for which we owe undying gratitude to those remarkable men who two hundred years ago pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor to launch this grandest experiment in the history of civilization. □

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99B

A Sure Recipe for Civic Commotion

It goes without saying that a central question in American public policy now is the conflict between the rights of individuals and the privileges or claims of officially designated ethnic-racial and sex groups. That the full implications of this profound social issue were not completely recognized until recently may be explained in part by the fact that the question swelled so gradually, and in so many locales, through federal administrative rules and regulations, court rulings and orders, local ordinances and laws, and settlements negotiated by government agencies with myriads of business firms, labor unions, colleges, and universities. This flood of new positive law originated in the late 1960s in trickles and small rivulets; specific institutions early affected by them thus had no way of determining, from individual encounters with affirmative action policies, the magnitude of the changes in social values which adoption or acceptance of them implied. But as the flood has crested, so its full dimensions can better be perceived. We may not like what we see, but at least we see it. Knowing its dimensions, we are able to take further note of its effects on American society. Whether our full appreciation of it comes too late, and whether the instances in which affirmative action is now established are so widespread as to be a new kind of common law, are matters which need to be faced. Yet one thing is surely clear—the practices required by affirmative action clearly contravene the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and the fundamental ruling of the Supreme Court in *Brown vs. Board of Education*. They are illegal and unconstitutional when judged against these two standards. Will the standards then collapse, or will they be affirmed?

The publication of Nathan Glazer's *Affirmative Discrimination* marks the first time this issue has been comprehensively explored in both its contemporary and its historical dimensions. With this book the import of our situation becomes fully clear.

II.

In retrospect we now see that the crusade for reverse discrimination ironically began at the very moment when many American liberals thought the capstone had finally been placed on the American ideal of equal rights. Lyndon Johnson took justified pride in his role in the passage of the Civil Rights Acts of 1964 and 1965. On signing them, he recalled in his memoirs, "the barriers to freedom began tumbling down. At long last the legal rights of American citizens—the right to vote, to hold a job, to enter a public place, to go to school—were given concrete protection." But Johnson did not regard these legislative triumphs as sufficient. Apparently unaware of his words' implications, he gave a commencement speech at Howard University in 1965 in which he said:

"You do not wipe away the scars of centuries by saying: Now you are free to go where you want and do as you desire and choose the leaders you please. You do not take a person who, for years, has been hobbled by chains and liberate him, bring him to the starting line of a race, and then say you are free to compete with all the others, and still believe you have been completely fair. *Thus it is not enough just to open the gates of opportunity.* All our citizens must have the ability to walk through those gates. We seek not just freedom but opportunity. *We seek not just legal equity but human ability, not just equality as a right and a theory but equality as a fact and equality as a result.*" (Italics mine.)

Affirmative Discrimination

by Nathan Glazer
Basic Books $10.95

III.

Leaving sentiment aside, and confining ourselves to logic, we can see in this a statement so portentous as to be a proclamation as powerful in its own way as any of the great Doctrines which any previous American President had ever uttered. The Civil Rights Act, which Johnson had just signed, *had* opened the gates of opportunity—equality of opportunity. What the President now was saying was that this was not enough: now, equality of results would be the object. But the Civil Rights Act did not provide for that. Perhaps, at that time, a busy chief executive was not alone in his failure to recognize the basic incompatibility between these two conceptions of equality. Like most ordinary people, Johnson probably never troubled much about the complexities which the idea poses. And in this instance, the reason probably had a simple explanation grounded in a not ignoble sentiment—the widespread revulsion against the standards of public morality in the South, which had denied American Negroes, on racial grounds, equal access to the public rights enjoyed by all other American citizens. A certain recompense and restitution was due.

Now we are the wiser from experience. Now we know that when all individuals are equally judged by the same standards, all will not score equally; in the attempt to devise standards so as to obtain "equal" results for ethnic groups, the very standards by which individuals have been judged (and the standards which advocates of equality long had demanded for the American Negro) are discarded in favor of arithmetical tests by which group equality is to be achieved. In the quest for group equality, the principles for which the Civil Rights movement long struggled have been subverted. For when tests are so devised as to obtain statistical results for groups, in order that groups may compete on "equal terms," individuals will no longer be judged on their own merits; they will be judged by their skin color, their ethnic origins, their names, or by what race they choose to be associated with. Old favoritism gives way to new favoritism.

IV.

Affirmative Discrimination is much more than an analysis of how the principle of equality of results arose and now works in various sectors of American life; it is much more important than that. What lies at the heart of Glazer's argument is his contention that to abandon the public principle of individual rights is to abandon a cardinal pillar of the American civic covenant. The entire structure of the American civic order is thus endangered by this abandonment.

As Glazer correctly notes, there was a logical outcome to Johnson's doctrine of equality of results for the American Negro—namely, the remedy of group favoritism could not long be confined to one category of Americans but would quickly spread as other categories arose demanding similar benefits. If the object of such favoritism had originally been that of integration, its effect has surely come to be that of disintegration; the search for equality of group representation has served to intensify, rather than to diminish, the tribal sensitivities in American public life. If only for defensive reasons, more and more groups have organized to protect or to obtain their purported constituencies' slice of the pie. The celebration of ethnic identity now proceeds at the expense of the celebration of civic identity; it erodes the historic bases of human rights under American law. As Glazer puts it, the "new threat" is that the nation will "be permanently sectioned on the basis of group membership and identification."

V.

The distinctive tendency of American civic values over the past 200 years is to be seen in their orientation toward ethnic difference and diversity. Glazer notes three basic decisions of thought and action which ultimately established this

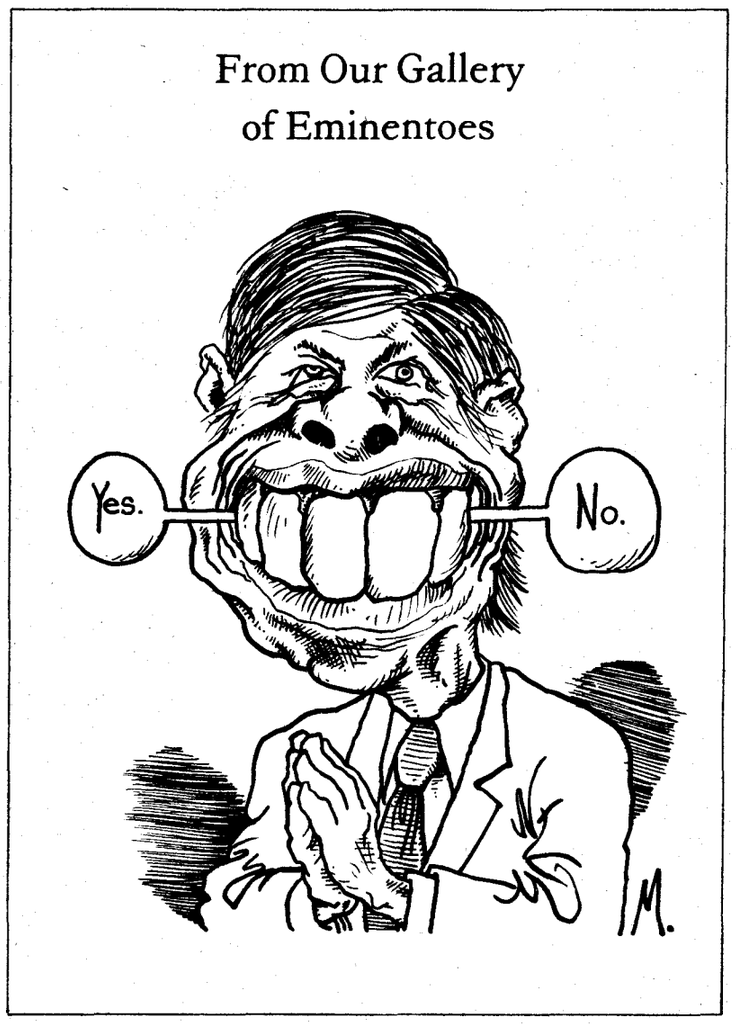
orientation and its safeguards: first, that "the entire world would be allowed to enter the United States"; second, that "no separate ethnic entity was to be allowed to establish an independent polity in the United States"; third, that "no group... would be required to give up its group character and distinctiveness as the price of full access into the American society and parity." In consequence, America became the first great nation to define itself "not in terms of ethnic origin but in terms of adherence to common rules of citizenship." Its national consciousness thus was shaped by values which "claimed universal validity and which were nevertheless the American way of life." He quotes Herman Melville in 1849: "On this Western Hemisphere all tribes and peoples are forming into one federal whole."

VI.

Something then happened on the way to the promised land, and it has come as a surprise to nearly everyone. It is this: that "what began as an effort to redress the inequality of the Negro turned into an effort to redress the inequality of all deprived groups." Glazer's question, "But how is this to be done?" introduces all of the strange predicaments in which we now find ourselves.

Not the least of the baffling questions we are now compelled to face is how an individualistic ethos—that each is entitled to equal and fair treatment—is to be related to a collectivist ethos, that each *group* is entitled to such treatment. Whatever else can be said for it or against it, the merit principle has had a simplicity to it, in that, once the rules are known, accepted, and applied in a color-blind fashion, the outcome, as in any contest with rules, has a fairness to individuals. The principle of merit may be imperfectly applied and enforced, but if based upon sensible criteria of individual ability and performance (or even individual need), it focuses the test of fairness upon persons, not upon persons-as-group-representatives. Once persons are judged by criteria other than their own, their loss or gain will depend less upon their own accomplishments and more upon considerations extrinsic to them, and possibly irrelevant.

Yet even were we to accept as cardinal the principle of equal group rights, thereby abandoning the constitutional doctrines of individual rights and equal protection of the laws, how would we fairly define the groups in such a way as to increase equality? Since the dawn of history, neither poverty nor abundance has been assigned by race; neither the poor nor the rich, the "deprived" nor the "overprivileged," have been races. They have been persons. There are wealthy and poor Anglo-Saxons, Poles, Irish, Chinese, Negroes, Asians, American Indians. A clear reading of any recent American census shows the absolute number of white Americans below the official poverty line to far exceed that of any other ethnic group in our society. Therefore if "deprivation" is defined officially and arbitrarily on racial grounds, and whites are excluded from favoritism, it is inevitable that wealthier and more fortunately circumstanced individuals will be favored for jobs and education, and that at least some poorer ones will be set aside, *on grounds of race.*



It has long been known to sociologists that Americans as individuals have generally preferred to regard their status euphemistically in terms of income rather than class, or at least to think of themselves, regardless of income level, as members of the middle class. This bland preference says much about the civic contrast between American and European politics, explaining the absence of divisive class distinctions in our country. Americans have tended in general to pride themselves on this civic equality—every man is as good as any other—and the conception has had the merit of strengthening the social fabric by downplaying the ever-present civic dangers of envy, a primeval source of human malice and mischief.

What Glazer's book shows, with dismal clarity, is that a sure civic consequence of affirmative discrimination is to fan, and to kindle unnecessarily, fires of envy based not upon objective or ascertainable criteria of wealth, poverty, or real discrimination, but upon subjective criteria of race. *Which* races are to be favored? Which not? How is membership in or exclusion from a race to be determined? When does the favoritism meted to members of one ethnic group result in clear deprivation to members of another which officially has been deemed "advantaged"? Who determines the answers to these questions? If the official bureaucracies, which now supply these answers, are preponderantly composed of individuals from certain favored minorities (as Glazer shows they are), is their judgment likely to be fair? How can it be fair if the very bases of their judgments are fatally framed by absolute concentration on numerical racial criteria?

When one contemplates the ethnic character of American society—Professor Glazer's preoccupation for quite a long time—it is clear that the official and colloquial language of affirmative action is statistically at odds with realities. Supposedly, "minorities" are singled out for preferential reverse discrimination, but in actuality all American ethnic categories now are minorities. If so, the logic of reverse discrimination raises the unpleasant question —*which* minorities are to be favored, and which not? We are really left with a variant of Orwell's *Animal Farm* theme—all races are equal, but some are more equal than others. A surer recipe for civic commotion could hardly be imagined.

In one poignant passage, Glazer notes the passing of the ritualistic celebration of a transcendent, nonracist civic unity once common at least in the dynamic sectors of American life: "From the mid-sixties, I would say, the ethnic identity tended to gain on the general American identity. Indeed, the term 'America' became depreciated in the late 1960s. What happened, one wonders, to 'I Am an American' days? We know what happened to committees on un-American activities. 'Americanization' in schools is no

longer considered desirable; indeed, Federal money is now available for just the opposite. In the ecology of identities, ethnic identities for certain purposes and in certain contexts began to serve individuals better than a general American identity."

VII.

History does not stand still: a certain aspect of Professor Glazer's theme, which he has not treated in this book, casts further shadows on the problem of equality and civic unity. Most Americans familiar with our experience as a nation of immigrants probably still consider the main chapters of this to be already written. We ask how we who *have come here*, or whose ancestors once came, can get along with each other; what are the principles of our coexistence? The past and present dominate our discussion. *We* are the subjects and objects.

But the experience is not over. As the U.S. Commissioner of Immigration and Naturalization recently said, "In the next three decades, it is expected that new immigrants and their descendants will total 15 million, or 25 percent of the total population increase. Immigration... has now emerged again as a significant factor affecting the number of persons who reside in the United States."

The earlier waves of migrants came chiefly from Africa, Europe, Japan, and China. The new ones will come chiefly from Latin America and from other parts of Asia. As these trends continue, so will America tend toward the condition once prophetically foreseen for it—a microcosm of the whole world's nations; the nation of nations. If this is to be so, those who make and think of our civic policy might ask whether the America to which the newcomers come will be able to absorb them if it is already torn by an ethnic militancy based upon officially encouraged rivalries among those already here. It might also be asked whether the traditional, and also quite revolutionary, ethic of civic America—one which judges individuals on their merits rather than on their skin color—may not be the ethic which best supplies both the cement for a viable enduring nation, rekindling faith in a civic culture transcending tribes, and attuned to the best possibilities for the "spaceship earth." There is no reason why America's destiny must follow that of the Ottoman Empire; and I assume that Professor Glazer has written this book as an act of commitment and faith that it will not. □

Book Reviews/Andrew M. Greeley and Anne Roche

Two Views of Muggeridge's Jesus

I. Review by Andrew Greeley:

Malcolm Muggeridge's *Jesus* is embarrassing. Beautifully printed and illustrated in color prints of marvelous paintings—some of which will be quite new to most readers—the book is a statement of Muggeridge's personal faith in the traditional Jesus. His commitment to the "traditional" Jesus is flung in the face of an unbelieving world of scientific enlightenment without the slightest hesitation or propensity to compromise. Hereon Muggeridge stands; he can do no other. Unfortunately, the reader will easily get the impression that between the Jesus of Muggeridge and the Jesus of *Superstar* there is no choice. It is not merely that these options are fundamental, they are also fundamentalist: the simple Christ of the hippies, the simple Christ of the demythologizers, or the simple Christ of Muggeridge's traditional faith.

One cannot fault Muggeridge, of course, for his own style of faith; nor can one fault him for expressing that faith in public. It's a free country and, we hope, a free church. But one can fault a writer of Muggeridge's intelligence and sophistication for not recognizing apparently that there is an alternative Jesus to the one presented by his traditional piety, a Jesus who is well within the boundaries of Christian orthodoxy and who is much more attractive to those men and women of good will for whom Muggeridge's traditional pieties are simply not enough.

The Jesus of the sophisticated Scripture scholars is a more impressive person than the Jesus of the traditional piety. Such scholarship has gone far beyond the debunkers and the demythologizers in presenting a portrait of Jesus which is deeply challenging and profoundly religious. The work of such writers as Gunther Bornkaam, Joachim Jeremias, and Reginald Fuller, for example, has as much piety as Muggeridge and a good deal more sophistication.

It is not merely that the sophistication of the Scripture scholars enables them to deal more adequately with the problems of the unbelievers, though that is not an unimportant point. Their Jesus is also a much more powerful Jesus for believers. The Muggeridge book is reassuring and comforting; it tells us, in effect, that if we merely put aside our modern scientific problems and return to the simple faith of the past, everything else will be taken care of. The challenge of Jesus is essentially one of accepting what science thinks is impossible. Once you have made the leap the rest is relatively easy.

Jesus: The Man Who Lives

by Malcolm Muggeridge
Harper & Row $17.95

But if you begin your analysis of Jesus with his parables, as do the literary form people, and come into contact with the hard kernel of the world view of Jesus, you are required to believe not the impossible but the highly improbable—which is far more difficult. In the parable of the "crazy farmer," for example, we see that Jesus is saying that the love of God is so powerful that He behaves toward us in a manner which if it were to be observed among humans would be judged a sign of lunacy. By human standards, the Ground of the Universe is madly in love with His creatures. The same point is made in the parable of the loving father (incorrectly named the parable of the prodigal son) where all the emphasis is on the father's love and not the son's prodigality. If you accept this world view of Jesus—a view of a universe animated by a lunatic love—then nothing is easy; for you have to live the same way in the midst of all of life's confusions and uncertainties. The God of the parables is "too good to be true," and hence He is terribly disturbing.

In a very real sense, contemporary Scripture scholarship brings us closer to the world view and teaching of Jesus than anyone (save for the mystics, perhaps) has been since Jesus' own time. It has become a powerful asset to the church, and does not deserve to be ignored in what purports to be a major book on Jesus (judged by its size, cost, and production). Muggeridge may have reinforced the faith—and the prejudice—of traditional Christians, but he has not, I think, done the churches any great favor. They can make a much better case then he has made.

As an example of the better case, one might consult *The Challenge of Jesus* by the brilliant young Catholic theologian John Shea (Chicago: Thomas More Press). This book yields nothing to Muggeridge in either orthodoxy or devotion, but it does two things which are essential and to which Muggeridge makes no con-

tribution: it stirs Christians out of the self-satisfied complacencies of their verbal formulations, and it stirs agnostics out of the self-satisfied complacencies of their bland indifference.

I'm sorry, but that is, I think, the work of the church. And the work of Jesus. □

II. Review by Anne Roche:

It is quite common to hear people speaking, with either satisfaction or despair, according to their prejudices, of how we live in "the post-Christian era." Certainly there seems to be a lot of evidence to support that observation. When an America given to proclaiming "In God We Trust" now forbids its children to address Him in its schools, or when Britain's Established Churchmen help vote in abortion on demand, one may be forgiven for concluding that the Christian ages are indeed ended.

At any rate, the Christian revelation seems to have lost its ability to animate and direct the civilization it created. And if this is so, even the most optimistic atheist should fear for that civilization's prospects, for whatever world view replaces the Christian one will necessarily produce its own different society. A powerful and seductive new revelation already prevails in a large part of the world that was never Christian, and in a large part that once was. China. Indochina. Russia, Eastern Europe, much of Latin America. Give it ten years, prophesies Henry Kissinger, and it will have prevailed over Europe.

Civilizations do perish. Perhaps ours is about to; perhaps even it deserves to. But it had its moments of glory, some of which are remembered in a beautiful new book about our society's reason for existing, *Jesus: The Man Who Lives*, by British journalist, author, and television personality Malcolm Muggeridge. Those high points of our culture that we troop about Europe to admire, the pictures and manuscripts, the panels, altars, doors, and capitals, appear humbly here as illustrations to a biography, and one suddenly realizes what they were really meant to be, not decoration, but *illumination*, in the true sense of the word. Candles held up to the face of truth. The exquisite Nativities—by Geertgen tot Sint Jans, by the Master of Konstanz, by Frederico Barocci—in which the light pouring from the Person of the Christ Child illumines the darkness, reflecting from men's faces and the eyes of animals and domestic objects (in one case a laundry basket) are meditations on the Incarnation of God. The light they mirror is "the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." Our civilization is, or has been, an extended comment on His Coming, a celebration of "the most stupendous event in human history," the Birth of Christ, His Passion, Death, and Resurrection.

The author of *Jesus* readily admits that if he had been born in Mecca or Bangkok he might think differently, but as a child of that civilization which still, despite Madalyn Murray O'Hair, counts its age from The Year of Our Lord, he concludes "that whatever is truly admirable in the achievements of the succeeding centuries, in art and literature, in music and architecture, in the quest for knowledge and in the pursuit of justice and brotherliness in human relations, derives from that same event" and that "the revelation Jesus provided... of the true purpose and destination of our earthly existence [is] of unique and everlasting validity."

Jesus is an account of the events of Christ's life and teachings, by a man who came late in life to an acceptance of the Christian revelation, having tried and rejected the alternatives. Readers of his recent volumes of autobiography will recall his odyssey, from childhood in an ardent Socialist family (as a boy he spoke at political meetings), through a brief love affair with Soviet Communism (he burnt his dinner jacket and his marriage lines and emigrated to Russia), into a lifelong war against Marxist savagery; through a considerable measure of worldly success, to the surrender of *Jesus Rediscovered*. It took a long time, and like one of his heroes, St. Paul, he kicked against the goad. At the beginning of my acquaintance with him, 16 years ago, he wrote to me that although he had long considered the Christian explanation of the human condition to be the most satisfying and comforting of all man's attempts in that direction, he could not embrace it, though he envied those who could. He never did join any church—he dislikes institutional-

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ized religion. He admits to no Damascus Road conversion. Yet now he finds himself able to assert that "Jesus's claim to be the Light of the World, and his related promise that through him we may be reborn into new men, liberated from the ego and our appetites into the glorious liberty of the children of God" seem to him to be "indisputably true." The pull of the Light was ultimately irresistible.

The passion of the convert, the ardor of the new lover, are unforgettably served here by a very great English prose stylist at his brilliant best. *Jesus* is a remarkable book—reverent, witty, fresh, moving, prophetic. Muggeridge accepts the Gospels as historical, that is, he takes their word that the Virgin Birth, the miracles, the Resurrection, did actually happen. At the same time, he is scornful of the "quest for the historical Jesus" which inevitably leads away from truth into fatuity, and he will have none of the modern Bultmann-style demythologizing. The inconsistencies and problems of the Gospel accounts merely assure him of their truth. How quickly, the old journalist remarks, could an editor have tidied them up if a neat plausible story was what was wanted.

He refuses, too, to become entangled in theological argument, though he sometimes must, as must all post-Reformation Christians who speak about Christ, choose between explanations. Thus he is Catholic in his adoration of the Nativity: "...a real baby, wrinkled and wizened and full of wind... and a doting mother to offer her breast." And he chooses the Protestant over the Roman Catholic and Orthodox answers to the questions of Mary's perpetual virginity and Christ's continuing Presence in the Eucharist. The "tremendous certainties" are in the end what matter to the nontheologian, not the minor "dubieties about the precise circumstances." "Either Jesus never was or he still is," Muggeridge concludes in a ringing act of faith. "As a typical product of these confused times, with a sceptical mind and a sensual disposition, diffidently and unworthily, but with the utmost certainty, I assert that he still is."

He has illuminated for us a "Jesus for our times" though he would reject that phrase himself. For this bad time needs not the vapid Superstar Jesus, nor the Che Guevara Jesus, but the Jesus of the Gospels, strong, ironic, passionate and compassionate, scornful of power and riches, suffering unto death, "demanding everything and enduring everything." Only for such a One could a man consider trying to live such difficult teachings, only for God Incarnate. "After all, who but God would have dared to ask of men what he asked of them?"

Believers meeting Jesus here will love Him more; I cannot recommend, apart from the Gospels, a better place for the unbeliever to encounter Him. □

The Bootblack Stand

by George Washington Plunkitt

Dear Dr. Plunkitt:

We've got trouble. *Time* made me the cover story of its May 10 issue. It described me as humorless, ambitious, religious—but in favor of drink on the Sabbath—single-minded, ambitious, guilty of "occasional self-righteousness," ambitious, rigid, and possessing a sharply intelligent and ambitious mind. It mentioned that when angered I become cold and methodical and more ambitious. It told of how I fixed my political ambitions years ago, and divulged that three years ago my advisers and I laid out a "careful, detailed, meticulous" plan to capture the Presidency. I know they thought it was a favorable job for they think of me as the next JFK; they even used that P.R. stuff about my listening to Shostakovich, reading Faulkner, and meditating on Kierkegaard. But then came the real trouble.

On May 7 Rabbi Korff appears at my campaign headquarters, and announces that I am about to "receive the public endorsement of someone really big." On May 8 Ziegler is calling and saying the announcement will come any day. Now I hear that the Committee to Reelect the President is buying prime time TV so "America's greatest living ex-President can make known the name of the man who most closely approximates his political philosophy and style." What can I do to prevent this catastrophe? How much will it cost us? Can they keep him quiet until the election? If we don't act soon the press won't have Jimmy Carter to kick around anymore.

—Cordially,
Mr. Jimmy Carter

Dear Mr. Carter:

It is a riveting commentary on the horrible perils of American political life when an outsider who has devoted much of his public life to the single-minded, pragmatic pursuit of the Presidency can be blown out of the water by the possible endorsement of an outsider whose single-minded, pragmatic pursuit of the Presidency won him just that. Have you ever considered simply stonewalling it?

—GWP

Dear Dr. Plunkitt:

Since the Watergate hearings I have received many polite inquiries from budding politicians and celebrities wishing to know if it is possible that I might have overlooked them when I revealed the White House enemies list. Several have let it be known that it might be financially worth my while were I to discover their names on a special list that I overlooked in all of the excitement. What do you make of these letters?

—Sincerely,
John Dean

Dear Mr. Dean:

A gold mine, my boy! Your White House enemies list conferred instant celebrity on many mediocre nobodies. On some it conferred the modern equivalent of sainthood. Take these individuals up on their offers. Announce that you have discovered an especially hot list behind some old CREEP memorabilia. In the years to come you may be able to make some boodle by publishing yearly lists of promising pols whom you would certainly have included on your enemies list back in the salad days of the Nixon Administration.

Don't let the grass grow under your feet.

—GWP

Let Us Now Praise Obscure Men

This is the story, Irving Howe tells us, of the "journey of the east European Jews to America and the life they found and made." The subject is a treasure so rich it has been mined before in hundreds of monographs, memoirs, articles, and books, but never with so much feeling for a lost past and with so much hope for the future.

After the assassination of Czar Alexander II in 1881, Russian Jews were subjected to a period of intense repression and second-class citizenship. Most of them were restricted to a "Pale of Settlement" outside the cosmopolitan centers of Russia; worse, the official and semi-official pogrom was always a threat to life, limb, and livelihood. There was nothing for the Jews to do but seek a way out —to go to Socialism or to America. Huge numbers, some two millions of them, chose the latter course, arriving by the tens of thousands each year during the next three decades. Most of them settled on the Lower East Side of New York, huddled in dark tenements, hungry for work as much as for freedom; they sought to continue unbroken their culture of *shtetl* (town) and *dorf* (village) as much as to find their own way through the labyrinth of conflicting interests in a strange, sometimes frightening, environment; and they worried lest their old way of a God-centered *Yiddishkeit* would be replaced by a Godless quest for what the author calls "Jewish socialism."

Now "Jewish socialism" is not to be confused with any other socialism known to partisan or opponent. For Howe it is rooted in *edelkeit* (refinement). Thus his socialist heroes of the early years of our century are described with gentle affection, while other, more representative Americans coming from the same milieu, are usually recognized for small virtues and gross behavior. Meyer London, the socialist Congressman from the East Side, is treated with much circumspection, despite his vigorous opposition to the Balfour Declaration for a Jewish homeland in Palestine, while supporters of the mandate like Dr. Sirovitch, Sol Bloom, and Sam Dickstein seem to be tainted. After all *they* were Tammany men, London was a socialist. But to be fair to the author one must agree that there was plenty of vulgarity on the Lower East Side, and that the faith of many immigrants in an evanescent democratic socialism did shine like a candle in the dark night during their transition to a better life, if not for themselves, then for their children and grandchildren.

Paradoxically, Howe is sometimes better in sociology than in the discipline he teaches at the City University of New York as Distinguished Professor of English Literature. The relatively small section on "The American Jewish Novelists," for example, is as unsatisfying as it is meager. Only some half-dozen names are brought to the fore, beginning with Henry Roth (*Call It Sleep*), an overrated Howe specialty, and ending with Philip Roth, to whom the author is unusually generous, referring to *Portnoy's Complaint* as a series of "very funny" skits. It isn't. It is bad taste masquerading as humor in the crude style of Don Rickles—or worse.

Howe's patronizing attitude toward the Yiddish theatre is also rather surprising. It could be he wanted to shed the sentimental aura that has bedeviled much of the pop writing on the subject. Admittedly, the Jewish drama, with its own versions of *Romeo and Juliet* and *Hamlet* and *Lear*, did not improve the originals. But it was a vital theatre, rich in conception, and exciting in production. If Shakespeare was adapted, Ibsen was given straight, as was Hauptmann, and one of the best productions of a Lope de Vega drama I ever saw was produced by the Jewish Art Theatre, under Maurice Schwartz. There was a kind of frenzied communalism embracing both actor and audience. In this it resembled more the Elizabethan theatre than what was being perpetrated on Broadway. And Howe's misconception of Schwartz's production of Ansky's magnificent drama, *The Dybbuk*, would take a whole essay to explain. Suffice it to say that what Schwartz found in the play was what Ansky put into it as felt and appreciated by the *shtetl* Jews from whom and for whom he wrote it. Despite its theme of exorcism, it is not a diabolic drama steeped in mysticism, it is a realistic expression of the folk-feeling of the people. It is realistic in the same sense that Chagall's paintings are seen *literally* by most east European Jews.

World of Our Fathers

by Irving Howe
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich
$14.95

If the novel and the theatre elude him, Howe justly appreciates American Yiddish poetry. His feel for Yiddish prose tends to be tentative, cautious, and unduly restrained. But his fine appreciation of the Yiddish poetry written in America by Moshe Leib Halpern, Mani Leib, H. Leivik, and Jacob Glatstein is worth anyone's serious attention. It could well be that the poets were surer of their craft than the novelists. Besides, they can best be appreciated in the original—as is true for most poets—while the novelists, except for I.B. Singer and Sholem Asch, do not quite hold up in translation as do their contemporaries in other languages.

Howe makes occasional historical and sociological errors. He credits the Jewish Bund (the organization of Russo-Polish Jewish socialists) with achievements its most ardent partisans would not claim for it, now that it is only an ancient memory among a few octogenarian survivors. Perhaps it is Howe's nostalgia that makes him defy history when he tells us that the Bund *withdrew* from the party of Russian Social Democracy. The Bund did not withdraw, it was kicked out in 1903 when the party split into Bolshevik and Menshevik factions and the first order of business was the expulsion of the Jewish socialists: Plekhanov called the Jews "snakes," while Lenin voted for their exclusion without benefit of epithet. But the Bund persisted in its misplaced idealism, preferring to remain the only "internationalists" in a world of national aspirations, to support the self-determination of all peoples on earth—except the Jews!

In a slight thematic touch on page 93, Howe tells us that the immigrants on the Jewish East Side became "a secular community," adding: "It could not be otherwise." But a hundred pages later he is compelled to admit that "in the communal life of the immigrants, the synagogue or *shul* remained the single institution everyone took for granted. Despite the rise of socialist ideologies and the spread of a weary indifference among the masses, few could envisage a time when the *shul* would cease to be at the center of Jewish life." The religious life of the East Side persisted despite what Howe calls the "powerful" influence of the atheistic Bund, and the widely-read (if less zealous) columns of the *Jewish Daily Forward*, a unique East Side institution which, for most of the years when it was edited by the erratic Abraham Cahan, was the single most anti-Communist daily paper in all of America.

These are not meant to be petty criticisms of an unimportant book, but rather serious observations on what is perhaps the single most serious work that has yet appeared on the subject. Almost nothing is entirely neglected, from East Side gangsters to East Side saints, from the impact of Jewish comedians on American popular culture to the rise of the trade unions among the garment workers of New York. It is perhaps in describing how these workers struggled to forge their unique cultural and social organizations that Howe is at his best. One gathers that he *feels* this material without having to resort to other tracts.

At the end of his tale, Howe concludes: "The story of the immigrant Jews is all but done. Like all stories of human striving, it ought to be complete, with its be-

ginning and its end, at rest in fulfillment and at ease with failure. A story is the essential unit of our life, offering the magical imperative of 'so it began' and 'so it comes to an end.' A story encompasses us, justifies our stay, prepares our leaving. Here, in these pages, is the story of the Jews, bedraggled and inspired, who came from eastern Europe. Let us now praise obscure men."

While many of them were not as "obscure" as Howe seems to suggest, what he is saying is true enough. For it was these "obscure" immigrants who sent their offspring to study art (and other things) at the Educational Alliance on East Broadway, where Eugene Lyons found the German-Jewish atmosphere suffocating, but where that most sublime of our philosophers, Morris Raphael Cohen, found inspiration. From this incredible institution there poured forth such distinguished men of art as Jacob Epstein, Jo Davidson, Max Weber, and William Zorach, among others. It is regrettable Howe did not write more fully about the Jewish-sponsored settlement houses that served as centers of acculturation, enlightenment, and fulfillment as richly as did the schools and libraries. It is a shame he devoted so little attention to the cafés, like the Café Royale on Second Avenue, as important a feature of East Side culture as the Left Bank cafés are important for Paris. But how much can you crowd into a book, even a book of 714 pages? What Howe does offer is worth cherishing and worth whatever its price. *World of Our Fathers* is an indispensable book. Not a comparative study of immigrant cultures in America, but a unique book about a unique people who made their way to America and helped to contribute an experience unique to our total cultural, social, and political life. □

Book Review/Terry Quist

Exposing Doctor Allende's Quackery

The coup which overthrew the Marxist regime of Salvador Allende in September of 1973 was a lucrative boon for international myth-makers and domestic intellectualoids. Another progressive government could be tallied on the roster of victims of American infamy. Chile could join Israel and South Africa as the only countries in the world which violate human rights.

The pop-left history of the matter runs as follows. Despite the intrigue of sundry dark forces, Allende was democratically elected to office in October of 1970 to lead the nation down the Chilean Road to Socialism. For a while everything was bread and roses. But the dark forces would not acquiesce; the foreign demons "blockaded" credit to the happy realm of Allende and fomented domestic discord. Finally, the CIA engineered the September *golpe* with the aid of a handful of Chilean running dogs and their dupes, and Allende shot himself (with a gun which was a gift from Castro) while the golpists assaulted the Presidential palace.

Chile: The Balanced View presents a compilation of articles calculated to advance the notion that the Allende regime was the victim of political and economic suicide rather than foreign demons. The view is not really "balanced," for the book is published by the state-controlled University of Chile; but neither is it unadulterated propaganda. Chilean officials and their literary spokesmen wrote only a handful of the selections, and most of the accounts are by respected American and British scholars and journalists. The collection, though uneven, includes several excellent articles which have appeared previously—"Allende in Retrospect," by Paul Sigmund (*Problems of Communism*, May-June 1974); "Chile's Coup and After," by Robert Moss (*Encounter*, March 1974); "The 'Invisible Blockade' and the Overthrow of Allende," by Paul Sigmund (*Foreign Affairs*, January 1974); and "The Multilateral Development Banks and the Suspension of Lending to Allende's Chile," by Jonathan Sanford (Congressional Research Service, 1974)—as well as an incisive historical survey of Allende's regime by Edward Glab.

We discover that Allende was crippled not so much by reactionary conspirators as by his own tactics and his narrow political base. Although he was indeed "democratically elected," he was elected by a very small plurality over Jorge Alessandri, the right-wing National Party candidate. The Christian Democrats had waged a leftist campaign under the banner of Radomiro Tomič; the *Tomičistas* celebrated Allende's victory; so the Christian Democrats followed constitutional tradition and ratified the plurality in Congress upon securing from Allende a pledge to uphold various constitutional freedoms. But concord was evanescent: Allende's ruthless extra-constitutional tactics (e.g. the illegal seizure of property and business, the flouting of Congressional directives, the attempts to subvert the opposition press) and his incitements to class warfare eventually drove the Christian Democrats into the arms of the party conservatives. Allende admitted in a 1971 interview with Regis Debray that his commitment to legality was only a temporary "tactic" to assuage bourgeois sensibilities. "I am not the President of all the Chileans," the Marxist ominously warned.

Chile: The Balanced View

edited by Francisco Orrego Vicuña
University of Chile

If Allende could not control the Christian Democrats, neither could he manage the fragile and volatile *Unidad Popular*, the governing coalition of left-wing and Marxist parties. The Radicals split and a faction defected from the coalition. The Communists were patient and "conservative" revolutionaries. Allende's own Socialists were fire-eaters. On the left flank Senator Carlos Altamirano and the violent *MIRistas* declared bourgeois democracy a sham and demanded immediate revolution. One would have certain difficulties executing consistent policy within this context.

Allende's popularity increased in the first year after his election, as the regime turned on the printing presses and produced a minor economic boom. By the end of 1971, production had increased by over 10 percent and unemployment had fallen to 3.8 percent. Chile had yet to pay the price for its money creation—at the height of the regime's political popularity, the April 1971 municipal elections, real salaries and wages were up 27 percent, but inflation had only reached 6 percent.

This bubble was bound to burst, however. Allende had hoped to buy a majority for a national plebiscite to amend the Constitution (he wanted to abolish the existing bicameral Congress and establish a compliant unicameral legislature). But the *Unidad Popular* received slightly less than half the vote in the municipal elections, and its popularity declined thereafter. The Christian Democrats began to move into opposition, for constitutional reasons, in mid-1971, and the economy started to disintegrate quickly in mid-1972.

Food shortages developed at the end of 1971 because of price controls, counterproductive expropriation, and the general economic decline; middle-class housewives paraded through the streets banging pots in protest. Inflation and money creation reached extravagant levels the following winter, so that by September 1973 consumer prices rose to nine times

their level when Allende took office. Foreign reserves declined from a surplus of $343.2 million at the beginning of the regime to a deficit of $605.6 million the month of the coup. Many of these reserves were consumed by food importation rather than capital importation, and indeed Castro was said to have remarked that Chile was undergoing a revolution in consumption rather than a Marxist revolution in production. In October 1972 the famous truckers' strike (over threatened nationalization) spread to the professions and paralyzed the economy for nearly a month until the military agreed to enter the cabinet.

In the cities, the quasi-legal methods used to bypass the legislature and expropriate business incited the Congress to struggle to define limits on government activity. In the country, extreme leftists violently and illegally expropriated land with the acquiescence of the authorities. The peasants often grew disillusioned; as Glab remarks: "Peasants also became rapidly disenchanted with the *Unidad Popular*'s agrarian reform program as they began to realize that the government had no intention of giving them title to the land that they had been promised. Instead the government intended to create state farms for which the peasant would continue to work much as he had done for the old patron."

The Chilean military was traditionally aloof, by Latin American standards, from the political process. But Allende was compelled to draw the generals into the government to prevent collapse of the *Unidad Popular*. The military scotched a renegade coup in June 1973. But in August, the Congress passed a resolution condemning Allende's unconstitutional conduct and the admirals discovered a well-documented leftist plot for mutiny in the lower ranks. Allende's fate was sealed; the military acted to "save the Constitution" in response to the Congressional resolution and to the revolutionary machinations and rhetoric of the Left. The *golpe* is best detailed by Robert Moss' contribution.

It is true that the CIA supported the truckers' strike and financed opposition newspapers threatened by government intrigue. But it was not the CIA that brought down the Allende regime. Latin Americans, as someone observed, are perfectly capable of conducting their own counter-revolutions; Allende had disrupted the Chilean republic so greatly that the generals apparently assumed control with widespread popular approbation. Furthermore, American involvement in Chile was minor when compared with the massive shipment of Cuban and Communist-bloc arms to radicals in Chile, or with the direct participation of the Cuban intelligence service, the DGI, in the Allende regime. At one point, Allende invoked Presidential immunity to convey several curious crates from Cuba past customs. The contents were variously described as works of art or mango ice cream. When the crates were opened after the coup, they were found to contain enough art and ice cream to arm a small army.

Neither can the failure of Allende's economy be traced to an ideologically inspired credit blockade. Multilateral lending authorities did restrict or deny credit to the Allende regime, but the loan decisions were demonstrably founded on consistent and standard business judgment. Only the World Bank could be accused of slightly aberrant behavior. In any case, the lack of credit from these institutions was more than compensated by loans from the socialist bloc and sympathetic Western nations. By March 1973 the regime had received a billion dollars in long- and short-term loans and credits from various countries.

The last third of the book, which deals principally with Chile after Allende, is extremely disappointing. A book published more than a year after the coup should have had ample time to contain an intelligent assessment of the first year or so of the military regime, at least if the editor truly wished to encourage a "balanced view" of the generals.

We are instead offered: (1) economic prospectuses delivered before a subcommittee of the Inter-American Committee of the Alliance for Progress; (2) a scholarly but largely irrelevant review by the editor, Francisco Orrego Vicuña, of the application of international law to the nationalization of the copper mines; (3) outdated testimony by Ernest Lefever and Riorden Roett before the House Subcommittee on Inter-American Affairs; and (4) a mildly interesting "Firing Line" interview with Ambassador Edward Korry, who served in Chile from 1970 through 1971.

It's easy to collect scholarly and respectable analysis hostile to Allende. He presented an exceedingly broad target. Perhaps it's not so easy for the regime to find "balanced views" which would not be embarrassing to the generals.

For a balanced assessment of the new government, we would place in one scale consideration for the destruction worked upon the Chilean economy by the *Unidad Popular*. There are no miracle remedies for a society wasted by triple-digit inflation, capital destruction, grinding debt, and class antagonism. The "Chicago Boys," the young Chicago-trained economic advisers to the generals, should in fact be congratulated for attempting to create a free market in a nation with a long legacy of statist economics.

In the other scale we would place the terrible poverty of the squatter-towns, the twenty percent unemployment, the continuing (though decelerating) inflation in Chile today. We would weigh against the generals the terror in a society in which people have disappeared without trace in the hands of the dread DINA (the Chilean secret police); where torture has occurred, for which there is no excuse; where civil courts and constitutional protections do not extend to political prisoners.

Pinochet once offered to release Chilean political prisoners man for man with the release of political prisoners by Russia and China.

Very clever. But the generals will require more than black humor to defend their conduct before intelligent and respectable critics in the world community. The honesty to publish a truly balanced view of post-Allende Chile would be a step in the right direction. □

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EDITORIAL
(continued from page 4)

first he had to sneak into Peking, but apparently the enormous airplane had the same fascination for *Homo mao* as it had for Washingtonians. Eventually he was as popular in the new China as an American ping pong player. Now he has included the Middle East on his schedule, and he even swoops down upon the rising nations of Africa. Apparently no nation is safe from his intrusions, but there is trouble.

Foreign potentates note some discrepancies in the great man's palaver, and apparently not even the citizens of Washington can be fooled forever. Their mutters are becoming more audible. The magic has shaken from the wings of Dr. Kissinger's 707. His earlier contretemps and his association with the hated Nixon are taking on a new significance in the eyes of powerful and high-minded Washingtonians. Some say he prevaricated too much. Others insist he botched on one too many airborne sorties. But a more plausible explanation for the woebegone Ph.D.'s sudden disesteem is that his shell game played too long. Had the deity snatched him up after his first thousand days his Washington neighbors might be repining for him at this very hour. Yet today his act merely curdles in their minds; some suspect they have been had.

All of this is lamentable. Dr. Kissinger is not receiving the boot for the right reasons. Charlatanry is acceptable and even obligatory for employment in any high government capacity; it is simply unfair to hold his deceptions against him. What can be held against him is how quickly and thoroughly he contravened the wisdom he had once sought to inculcate in his Harvard students.

While in Cambridge he knew the Soviets well. In Washington he forgot. What is more, he has shown a curious ineptitude in his negotiations with foreign powers. His intellectual framing of a diplomatic problem is often sound and even brilliant. With diligence and intelligence he brings his protagonists to an acceptance of his framework. But when actual negotiations commence he blows up. His thespian nature, his fabled egotism, overwhelm him, and he becomes a monomaniac, panting for signatures. The resulting agreement is often sloppy and full of vague language, as SALT I, the Paris Accords, and the political elements of the Sinai agreement reveal. Further, this inability to negotiate is of a piece with a larger incapacity, a political incapacity. Domestically Dr. Kissinger has been unable to marshal any popular support behind his policies. In fact he does not even try. Some cite this as evidence of his disrelish for democratic process; others say he has given up on the West and that all he wants to do is quietly mollify the East. Yet consider also his general furtiveness. His shabby treatment of colleagues. His temper tantrums. His telephone bugs.

Here clearly is a man who does not like or respect people. He can deal with them only conceptually, and the concepts are hardly elevated. They are generally formulae for manipulation, bereft of any higher purpose than self-aggrandizement and self-preservation. They work prodigious successes in Washington, but when Dr. Kissinger has to deal with the citizenry beyond or when he has to sit down with other competent manipulators like the Soviets or the North Vietnamese he is unhorsed. All these years, Dr. Kissinger has been scoring against easy marks. When he has fallen on his face overseas he has easily hoodwinked Washingtonians into accepting the notion that it was someone else who botched. When he succeeds he convinces them that his success is a work of sheer genius. Now he is preparing to close down his concession, not because the gulls of Washington are wise to his snake oil but because they thirst for a newer act.

That they will get their wish I know for a certitude. It is the one aspect of this melancholy tale that gladdens my troubled heart. □

The Talkies

by Robert Asahina

Face to Face

There has been a lot of movie madness lately. By that I mean movies about madness, rather than madness about movies —although there has been more than enough of the latter, especially concerning the former. Two of the biggest critical and financial successes of 1975—*The Story of Adèle H.* and *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*—dealt with insanity; the latter film swept five Academy Awards. One of the first big hits of this year, *Taxi Driver*, featured a crazed cabbie cruising the streets of Manhattan. And now there is Ingmar Bergman's latest film, *Face to Face*, the story of Jenny Isaksson (Liv Ullmann), a psychiatrist who suffers a nervous breakdown and attempts suicide.

It would be tempting to interpret this epidemic of movie madness as symptomatic of a deeper, more widespread cultural malaise. There can be little doubt that alienation, the key theme of modernism, has been carried to its logical extreme—insanity—and given increased cultural legitimation in recent years. The "politics of madness," which characterizes insanity as a "sane" response to a repressive society, seems to have won more than a few adherents among the filmmaking community.

Yet it is difficult to tell how much the intentions of movie makers or the responses of audiences and critics have been influenced by this cultural legitimation of insanity. To be sure, the movies mentioned do evidence some of this influence: The asylum in *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* seems clearly intended as a metaphor for rational society; Adèle H. seems clearly intended to be regarded as a victim of patriarchy and repressed female sexuality; *Taxi Driver* seems clearly intended to be a portrait of a psychotic in an even more psychotic environment, the hell of Manhattan. But I suspect that such cultural considerations, though they may appear to be central in such films, are actually secondary to a rather more overtly cinematic concern. For it is apparent that madness "sells," and for a very good reason that has little to do with its alleged "politics": Insanity provides much material for compelling characterizations, and the extremities of insane behavior greatly expand dramatic possibilities. The cultural message often serves only as proof that filmmakers are "serious," rather than merely exploitative.

I don't mean to impute excessively cynical motives to such movie makers, how-

The health hazards of NOT going nuclear

Ask not about nuclear hazards without asking what hazards they replace! For example:

Accidents and Diseases

Per billion MWh of electricity generated from the corresponding fuel, accidents in mining and transportation plus industrial diseases take 22 lives in the uranium cycle; and 1,259 lives in the coal cycle.

Waste Disposal

The amount of nuclear wastes is minute (after reprocessing, the volume of an aspirin tablet per person per year); that of coal wastes is enormous (320 lbs per person per year). Nuclear wastes can be sealed in waterproof and even earthquake-proof glass and buried deep in the earth; much of the coal waste goes into the atmosphere and people's lungs, killing thousands by cancer, lung, heart and bronchial diseases every year.

Routine Emissions

Most coal-fired plants are (due to thorium, radium and other radionuclides in the coal) slightly more radioactive than nuclear plants.

Major Disasters

A nuclear disaster *could* kill 1,000 people, though with a miniscule probability. A dam failure *did* kill 2,000 (Italy, 1962) and left another 50,000 homeless. LNG tankers, each carrying the energy of a nuclear bomb, dock 2½ miles from downtown Boston. Some oil storage complexes in the US could, if they caught fire, kill 20,000 people.

Terrorism and Sabotage

With enormous effort and minute probability, a team of mad scientists could manufacture a bomb from plutonium oxide (not weapon-grade plutonium) diverted from the power industry, and they could destroy one, perhaps several, city blocks. No scientists are needed to blow up a dam and kill 100,000 people. Plutonium dispersal would kill victims (by lung cancer) between 10 and 40 years later, making it pointless for terror or blackmail. Unlike chemical or biological toxins, radioactive poisons signal their presence and can be detected in minute quantities.

And So Forth:

In every single aspect, nuclear power is safer than the forms of power generation with which we live now. By partially replacing them, *nuclear power saves lives.* 1,600 American lives a year even now; and 200 a year more for every additional percentage point of total generating capacity.

SAYS WHO?

Not the ideologically motivated critics lusting for political power. They don't deny the facts given above; they just ignore them.

Not the utilities, though they favor nuclear power for economic reasons. They don't like to scare the public with the dangers of coal, gas, oil and hydropower.

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ever. There is every reason to believe that they are sincere in their concerns. Both François Truffaut, the director of *The Story of Adèle H.*, and Ingmar Bergman have been preoccupied with female insanity for many years. This is of some interest because both have also been regarded as directors sympathetic to women; yet it is a common complaint of feminist film critics that the only good female roles in recent years have been prostitutes and madwomen—a complaint, ideology aside, that is not without justification. What I am suggesting, however, is that lunacy has provided the best roles for both sexes recently, precisely because lunatics' lives can be made "interesting"—cinematic madness can be the cause of, or the pretext for, all kinds of bizarre screen behavior.

The role of Jenny in *Face to Face* is one of the biggest plums for an actress in recent years, and Liv Ullmann's performance is a shattering *tour de force*. In the sequence involving Jenny's first breakdown, Ullmann's masterful shading of hysterical laughter into anxiety-choked sobbing is one of the most harrowing scenes of emotional intensity in recent memory. By contrast, as if merely to demonstrate her range, Ullmann plays Jenny's subsequent suicide attempt in a blank, robot-like trance, mechanically stuffing handful after handful of sleeping pills into her mouth, with only slight, breathless gasps and the nervous click of the water glass against her teeth to convey the anguished depths of her despair. And Ullmann's emotional range and intensity are exceeded only by her control: Her discipline saves her from self-indulgent excess in the hysteria scene and from affectless method in the suicide scene.

Yet Ullmann's performance turns out to be merely empty virtuosity in the service of empty drama. As many have argued—most recently, Walter Goodman—cinema suffers by comparison to literature in its depiction of madness. No matter how vividly the external behavior patterns of insanity are conveyed—and there can be no disputing cinematic capability on that score—movies simply cannot satisfactorily reveal the internal workings of the deranged mind, except indirectly. This is not to suggest the "superiority" of literature to cinema, but only to point out the relevant differences and limitations. In the case of *Face to Face*, a direct comparison of the two artistic media is possible since the screenplay of the movie, somewhat different and more detailed than the film, has been published as a book; and the comparison evinces all of the cinema's limitations in portraying madness.

But the shortcomings of *Face to Face* extend beyond the generic to the personal. Writer/director Bergman has simply failed to offer a truly compelling dramatic account of Jenny's plight, one that engages our understanding as well as our sympathy. For instance, the breakdown and suicide scenes, which are the emotional peaks of the movie, occur only halfway through the running time. Now there is nothing in principle against structuring a film in that manner, but the second half must somehow be as compelling as the first. That is not true of *Face to Face*; it is all downhill from the middle.

And it is no coincidence that this structural inadequacy follows the break between the external and internal presentations of Jenny's madness. The first half of the film provides a vivid picture of Jenny from the outside; the second half attempts to find "reasons" for her breakdown within her mind. Fortunately, Bergman has not relied upon facile "political" analysis or upon diluted themes of modernism to explain her plight. Unfortunately, he has offered something even more trivial: Jenny's dreams and drug-induced remembrances of her childhood.

It is bad enough that these sequences are embarrassingly trite and laden with overwrought symbolism. What is worse is that the dramatic content is virtually nonexistent. We learn nothing about Jenny from those sequences, except that her past supplies no genuine clues to her present condition. The problem is not so much that this internal account is clinically inadequate, for the movie does not pretend to offer that kind of analysis. It is simply that the last hour or so of the movie serves no dramatic purpose. The dream sequences are dramatically arbitrary, which renders even their psychological irrelevance somewhat beside the point.

I can only speculate that they are not arbitrary for Bergman. Although he claims that the dreams are "not my own," he also claims that he regards them as an "extension of reality." Viewers of *Face to Face* can only respond that his reality and its extension are not theirs. What we see in *Face to Face* is a director's preoccupation carried to the level of obsession. To the extent that Ullmann can, in the first half of the movie, make Bergman's concerns accessible to the film audience, *Face to Face* is powerful cinema. But even Ullmann gets lost in the second half of the movie; the mind that is being explored there is not Jenny's, but Bergman's. Much of the movie madness epidemic reveals less about the state of our culture than about the state of certain directors' minds. Art may begin with private concerns, but art that never rises beyond private obsessions is merely self-indulgent and arcane. □

David Brudnoy

Brudnoy's Film Index

■ **The Bad News Bears:** Kids should be seen—preferably playing baseball—and never, ever heard. That might be Buttermaker's (Walter Matthau's) philosophy, infusing Michael Ritchie's splendid comedy about a washed-up ballplayer coaching a superlatively inept gang of urchins. Tatum O'Neal to the rescue! Not to mention Alfred Lutter and Jackie Earle Haley, two of the sharpest kid actors at work today, plus some exceedingly rare cinema chemistry combining good, clean fun and fine performances with the Americano's ingrained love for baseball and presumed affection for children.

■ **Don Quixote:** Maybe a bit too much Nureyev, though it's hard to get too much Nureyev in a ballet, but the old warhorse makes a generally graceful transition to the screen, a usually awkward transition. Nureyev's agitated force, as always, is thrilling.

■ **The Duchess and the Dirtwater Fox:** One more George Segal bomb like this, and Segal can pack up his grin and vamoose, permanently. Even Goldie Hawn, as the hooker with (uh huh) the heart of tinfoil, fails to rescue what may be the unfunniest comedy this year. Goldie and Segal took the money and ran.

■ **Face to Face:** Ingmar Bergman scores once more, bringing the invariably incomparable Liv Ullmann on to enact a nervous breakdown of majestic conviction. With Erland Josephson, her co-star in Bergman's *Scenes from a Marriage*, Ullmann takes this latter-day terror story and carries it to the rarefied atmosphere of outstanding cinema art.

■ **Lipstick:** Margaux Hemingway is certainly the tallest actress on view, if "actress" properly describes her atrocious play-acting, and her plight—raped and humiliated thereafter by a jury unwilling to convict her boy-next-door-type rapist (Chris Sarandon)—might in other hands have produced an intriguing film. But the bush-league performances by everyone except Anne Bancroft, as the feminist attorney out of Clarence Darrow crossed with F. Lee Bailey, evoke less sympathy than embarrassment.

■ **Mahler:** Yet another of Ken Russell's excruciatingly arty, blitheringly incompetent "historical" desecrations, this one commencing, just to rub it in, with a railroad scene showing Thomas Mann's Tad-

zio and his closet-case lover coyly flirting. Get it? (Mann supposedly had Mahler in mind for *Death in Venice*.) Once past that bit of tinselly nonsense the movie takes a slow, symbol-laden ride to nowhere.

■ **Man Friday:** A "liberated" retelling of Defoe's hoary classic, with the savage lording it over and exerting himself fitfully to tame the refined Englishman. Peter O'Toole, master of the pregnant sigh, hasn't looked so uncomfortable since he was buggered in *Lawrence of Arabia*. Come to think.... A movie for those who crave their topsies turvy.

■ **Robin and Marian:** They've aged, she's entered a nunnery, and he's tired of crusading for addled old Richard Lionheart. So, twenty years after they first romped in Sherwood Forest, Robin and Little John return home, scoop up Marian, and again engage that dreadful old sheriff in feats of derring-do. Sean Connery and Audrey Hepburn, supported neatly by Robert Shaw as the sheriff, Richard Harris as King Richard, Nicol Williamson as John, and Denholm Elliott as Will, beautifully create the mythic figures in an old age the legend never allowed for.

■ **The Sailor Who Fell From Grace With the Sea:** One of Mishima Yukio's most unpretentious stories works beautifully removed to England, with Sarah Miles as the widow and Kris Kristofferson as the American seaman whom she beds and would wed. If, that is, her bratty, brainy son and his gang of juvenile Nietzschians don't get to him first. The scenery is outstanding, the leads and the young monsters are uniformly fine, and Mishima's theme of perfection intruded upon by human frailty comes off with nary a hitch. Lovely to look at, fitfully worthy of serious reflection.

■ **Salut L'Artiste!: Marcello Mastroianni** at his peak, playing a hack actor barely able to distinguish his essence from his roles. Director Yves Robert yanks fine performances out of his first-rate cast, especially Françoise Fabian as the actor's mistress, and Mastroianni. A tender tale of a man quite literally beside himself.

■ **Virility:** Carlo Ponti's latest, a funny and furious look at an absurd predicament: is a man better off when his friends think his son's a homosexual or when *he* knows that his son is making it with his (the father's) wife? A Sicilian answer, of course, gives rise to the special charms of this occasionally charming movie. □

Book Review/Martin Northway

Investigating the Investigators

More than fifty years ago Walter Lippmann wrote what should be an enduring caveat for his fellow journalists when he observed in *Public Opinion* that "news and truth are not the same thing, and must be clearly distinguished. The function of news is to signalize an event, the function of truth is to bring to light the hidden facts, to set them into relation with each other, and make a picture of reality on which men can act."

Today the press is riding a wave of popularity, cresting on the prestige of its Watergate "revelations." A new breed of "investigative reporter" promises to get "behind the facts" not just to hidden information but to the substantive issues, and thereby to the "truth." (The attribution of quotations and important "facts" to unnamed sources is only one way in which the press presumes to act as our surrogate seeker-of-truth.) Under this banner, the press promises to serve as the flagship of our institutions, the guardian of our democracy.

The press performs a vital function in a democracy, of course, but, as Lippmann warned us, it cannot subsume and should not presume to act for the other institutions of society. Bernard Roshco updated Lippmann's observation by suggesting in his recent book *Newsmaking* that "the press may serve the public better by insisting that watchdog institutions do their job properly than by trying to do the job itself." This collection of essays by Edward Jay Epstein continues in the tradition of journalism criticism, offering insights into the limitations of the press and into the dangers of its current pretensions.

In "Did the Press Uncover Watergate?" (originally published in *Commentary*), Epstein maintains that, by magnifying its own accomplishments, the press gave short shrift to the efforts of our government institutions. "The government's investigation of itself has become a missing link in the story of the Watergate scandal, and the actual role that journalists played remains ill understood."

Although, as we came to learn, there was a cover-up at high levels of government, there was also a persistent effort in many government agencies to *un*cover the facts. It was *these* efforts that were crucial—in fact, much of the celebrated "investigative reporting" was really just the publication of material leaked from government investigations. The press did focus attention on the unfolding events, but it is foolish to assume that the ultimate outcome of the investigations was pivotally dependent on the press. The experience of Watergate should rather have demonstrated the remarkable power of our institutions to uncover wrongdoing and to punish it, but our newsmen failed to recognize this strength. They must therefore assume some responsibility for weakening confidence in those institutions.

Between Fact and Fiction: The Problem of Journalism

by Edward Jay Epstein
Vintage Books $3.95, paper

The experience of Watergate also shows how ill-equipped the press is to disclose the "whole truth" about public affairs. Throughout the investigations, the press remained blithely unconcerned about the motives and intentions of those in government who leaked the news. Epstein says this "blind spot" toward sources, which often makes the press an unwitting pawn, is "endemic to journalists" and "proceeds from an unwillingness to see the complexity of bureaucratic in-fighting and of politics within the government itself.... So long as journalists maintain their usual professional blind spot toward the inner conflicts and workings of the institutions of government, they will no doubt continue to speak of Watergate in terms of the David and Goliath myth, with Bernstein and Woodward as David and the government as Goliath."

In "The Panthers and the Press," a remarkable effort in genuinely investigative reporting (originally published in the *New Yorker*), Epstein shows the damage frequently wrought by such "blind spots." The author undertook the monumental task of tracking down the facts behind the widely-reported 1969 assertion that police had killed 28 members of the Black Panther Party in less than two years, a charge that became a rallying-point for critics of police "repression." After analyzing each reported Panther killing, he found that only *ten* of the 28 killings involved police at all; that of these ten, six Panthers were killed by police who were either wounded or in imminent danger; and that only two Panthers, Mark Clark and Fred Hampton, were killed as the result of planned police raids. Epstein's conclusion seems almost an understatement: "The idea that the police have declared a sort of open season on the Black Panthers is based.... on an assumption that proves, on examination, to be false."

What is significant is not only that a gross lie was widely reported, but that it was never checked by the press and even came to be treated as a fact. In the intro-

duction to *Between Fact and Fiction*, Epstein hypothesizes that the journalists best able to dispute the assertion were unwilling to do so for fear of alienating their sources within the Panthers. As with Watergate, the press's attitude toward sources became a stumbling-block for the "truth."

Although television is a different type of medium and may be more influential than newspapers and newsmagazines, its procedures are derived from the news-gathering habits of the print trade. In an earlier book, *News from Nowhere: Television and the News* (Random House, 1973), Epstein showed that network news is heavily dependent on the print medium for its "leads" for stories to cover—less than a fifth of its "leads" come in any sense from its own resources, and only about two percent from its very visible and highly-touted "correspondents." In the current volume, "The Televised War" underscores one of the author's central points in *News from Nowhere*: the extent to which television is tied to its requirement to produce "dramatic" and "thematic" treatments of the news in order to entertain its audiences, and how this *necessarily* makes television news inaccurate and unreliable.

Epstein does not provide any formula for the media's shortcomings. He does suggest, however, that the press's at best modest success in handling the narrower duty of fair and accurate "objective" reporting means that newsmen should "give up the pretense of being establishers of truth." Under present conditions, he warns in his introductory essay, "it [the press] cannot serve as a credible investigator of the 'hidden facts' or the elusive truths which determine them." An overzealous and overextended press is liable to leave the rest of us in a predicament like that of the prisoners in Plato's Cave in *The Republic*: democrats shackled by a lack of sound information on which to base our decisions, gazing helplessly at the dancing shadows cast by the real world. □

Book Review/A. James McAdams

Why Professors Are Liberal

Who rules America? Such an apparently simple question has befuddled and baffled political scientists for decades. Some theorists have written of a corporate and military "power elite"; others have addressed themselves to an emergent managerial class. Recently, however, social scientists have spoken of a "new class," a political stratum composed primarily of intellectuals, of professionals who shape climates of social thought through the authoritative exercise of ideas and opinions. But who are the intellectuals and what are they really like? Scholars disagree on these questions, and until we have more precise definitions and descriptions of intellectuals, it will be difficult to say much about their power and influence.

In *The Divided Academy*, Everett Carll Ladd, Jr. and Seymour Martin Lipset have sought to address this problem by analyzing in detail at least one stratum in the community of American intellect. By studying an extraordinarily large sample of 60,000 college and university professors, the authors have come to conclusions about the American academic mind which point directly to a powerful intellectual culture.

Academics, the authors contend, comprise a distinct political stratum of American society. Statistically speaking, professors are the most liberal of American occupational groups: a substantial majority of academics consistently vote Democratic and well over fifty percent recorded an early opposition to Vietnam policy. Professors tend to support such causes as busing and the legalization of marijuana far more than the general public. Furthermore, faculty opinions tend to be ideologically consistent and consciously linked together; that is, professors who are liberal on national issues tend to be similarly liberal on campus issues, while those who are nationally conservative tend also to be campus conservatives. Those professors, for example, who called for immediate Vietnam withdrawal were more likely to support relaxed college admissions standards for minorities than were those professors favoring American military victory.

If one breaks the faculty into its component disciplines, however, it turns out that sharp divisions split the academy. Professors in the social sciences are most liberal, those in business and engineering most conservative (64% of the former call themselves "liberal" or "very liberal," but only 23% of the business professors do so), and the other disciplines arrange themselves on a continuum in between. The authors suggest that professors who engage in critical, abstract, and "intellectual" disciplines tend to the lib-

The Divided Academy: Professors and Politics

by Everett Carll Ladd, Jr.
and Seymour Martin Lipset
McGraw-Hill $17.50

eral-left, while professors in fields which employ existing knowledge and have practical application tend to the conservative side of the academic spectrum.

Of all the professors, those in the social sciences come closest to that "capacity for criticism, for rejection of the status quo" and that passion for "*new* knowledge, *new* ideas, *new* art" which the authors loosely associate with intellectuality. Yet there are intriguing disciplinary differences even within the social sciences. Those in the critical and individually-oriented behavioral sciences, like psychology, tend to favor social action and reform more than do their systems- and institutionally-oriented colleagues in economics and political science. To cite one case, 56% of the sociologists interviewed agreed with the proposition that American universities are racist, but only 44% of the political scientists did so—a small testimony to the influence of subject matter on political opinion.

Ladd and Lipset are saying, therefore, that the American university is a "divided" rather than united academy. The exact connection between a professor's politics and the "intellectuality" of his discipline, however, is by no means easily established. For one thing, it is difficult to say whether intellectuality is, strictly speaking, a cause or merely a frequent concomitant of liberalism. (In some senses, conservatives too can be intellectual.) Although it is not the purpose of the authors to cast the last word on the causes of intellectuality or of liberalism, Ladd and Lipset do offer some conclusions which lend themselves to the analysis of both of these factors.

In some past studies of the university, scholars have attempted to employ class analysis in suggesting that professorial liberalism derives from personal alienation and failure. Ladd and Lipset, however, show that the most successful and most satisfied academics are generally also the most liberal. Overall, the average liberal professor is alienated neither from his job nor from the outside public, but enjoys a comfortable income, job security, and a high level of professional and public esteem.

Class analysis of the professoriate also fails to explain liberalism solely in terms of socioeconomic background. Ladd and Lipset find no major correlation between economic background and political orientation, though the social background of professors seems to have some significance. Professors from minority groups, for example, tend to be quite liberal, particularly Jews—a circumstance which

may be due in large measure to the cultural and intellectual tradition furthered by the Jewish household. Indeed, family political disposition betrays an influence throughout the university, with a strong correlation existing between the politics of professors as undergraduates and their fathers' political persuasions. Of those professors coming from liberal homes, 81% classified themselves as "left" or "liberal" while college seniors. Furthermore, those professors who were liberal (and intellectual) as undergraduates were also the most likely to enter liberal and intellectual disciplines.

Age, too, appears to be a factor in determining political outlook. The younger professor, for example, is more likely than his older colleague to support such issues as the unionization of faculty and the liberalization of academic hiring policy, attitudes which derive largely from the combined motivations of apparent self-interest and youthful "idealism." While 51% of academics under 30 say they are very liberally disposed, only 24% of their colleagues over 60 share their inclination. Professional environment also makes an important contribution to academic politics. Universities and elite colleges are significantly more liberal than other schools, both because they attract liberal professors and because they provide the research-oriented environment conducive to intellectuality. Although mathematicians, for example, tend to be political moderate, those at elite universities tend consistently to the left.

In short, several factors—subject matter, social background, age, and university environment—combine to accompany and/or determine political disposition and intellectual bent. For this reason, *The Divided Academy* is a book not just about professors, but about the analysis of social strata. Ladd and Lipset have offered a style of criticism which may lend itself not only to future analysis of the professoriate, but also to analysis of other segments of American society. Furthermore, in exposing a major intellectual stratum, the authors have revealed correlations and raised questions on which future inquiry must rest. What are the central contributing factors to intellectual inclination? Why is it that intellectuals overwhelmingly subscribe to liberal positions? Such questions must be answered before one can truly understand the sociology of knowledge and the role of ideas in modern society.

With the advent of "post-industrial society" and the growth of a "knowledge-centered" economy, the conclusions of *The Divided Academy* are quite significant. If we are to understand the politics of the emergent age, we must understand those who may act as stockbrokers in an increasingly important marketplace of ideas, and it is with the specific influence of these men of ideas that future studies must contend. If that influence can be assumed, however, one can be assured that Ladd and Lipset have painted a convincing and accurate picture of the social and political posture that such intellectuals will most likely adopt. □

Book Review/Robert Southard

Marxist Rhetoric, Fascist Behavior

Berkeley political scientist A. James Gregor has written an important and compelling book which should interest both generalist and specialist. He attempts a comparative survey of the "suggestive similarities" among Mussolini's Italy, Stalin's Russia, Mao's China, Castro's Cuba, and, for good measure, the "non-regime fascisms" of black nationalism and the student Left. He establishes major parallels among all the cases studied and concludes that in the twentieth century "viable radicalisms" necessarily display the pattern of behaviors he terms "the fascist persuasion." This line of argument should delight readers who enjoy irony. The severest critics of Gregor's earlier work, *The Ideology of Fascism*, complained at his "objective reconstruction" of fascism and charged that he ignored the humanist merits of the Marxist alternative. It now appears that he warmly esteems the aspirations couched in the works of Marx and Engels. He does not believe, however, that classical Marxism has exercised any appreciable effect in radical politics since World War I. Radical regimes have continued to draw heavily on the Marxist legacy in order to legitimate their actions and policies, but at the same time they have attained and exercised power in ways and under circumstances quite unforeseen by Marx and Engels.

Gregor explains the appearance of this situation by referring to the crisis which overtook classical Marxism between the death of Friedrich Engels in 1895 and the outbreak of war in Europe in 1914. During those two decades, two major difficulties troubled thoughtful Marxists: the visibly unrevolutionary character of the proletariat in precisely the most advanced nations and the survival of nationalist affinities even in socialist cadres. Socialists continued to predict the eventual necessity of revolution and to proclaim the international solidarity of the working class, but their constituents sought gradualist reform and showed a continuing patriotism which culminated in socialist votes for war credits in the summer of 1914. From the orthodox Marxist perspective, of course, these phenomena were incongruous: the workers in such highly industrialized states as Germany, France, and the United Kingdom should have been the most revolutionary and should have shown the least regard for bourgeois national interests. Something had gone wrong, and Gregor locates the problem in the theories of Marx and Engels. They had carefully elaborated a more or less scientific economic theory but had not shown just how economic conditions give rise to ideological consciousness. As a consequence, they left their apostles unprepared to face the strange new world in which they operated after about 1895.

The Fascist Persuasion in Radical Politics

by A. James Gregor
Princeton **$15.00**

This crisis in Marxism called forth major reappraisals by thoughtful and ambitious socialists. Lenin, in *What Is To Be Done?* and subsequent writings, argued for the creation of an elite party of declassed intellectuals who, in a voluntarist fashion, would guide agitation and direct the consciousness of the working class as circumstances might demand. More important, in Gregor's view, Benito Mussolini, who at the time was a left-wing Socialist, considered carefully the implications for agitational strategy of the theories of Le Bon, Sorel, and Pareto even while he inspected admiringly the fierce nationalism of Corradini's followers and the destructive enthusiasm of Marinetti's youthful Futurists. During the First World War, Mussolini added key elements from these sources to important aspects of his original socialism, and created the fascism which he led to power in the troubled years after the peace. In the process, according to Gregor, Mussolini established a "developmental dictatorship" which became "paradigmatic" for such subsequent regimes as Stalin's Russia, Mao's China, and Castro's Cuba, as well as such radical forces as black nationalism and the Yippie movement.

This imputation of a "fascist persuasion" to supposedly radical regimes and

(*continued on page 38*)

"Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad." —Euripides

Current Wisdom

HIGHER EDUCATION: The learned Miss Dorothy Harrison of the New York State Department of Education makes a dramatic point:

Research on Chaucer and research on lingerie are not all that different.

—*New York Times*
March 21, 1976

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL: Another overly optimistic report from Sydney Lens, patriot:

The nuclear race proceeds on its own thrust; the public is conditioned for it with strident and synthetic anti-communism; big business, big banking, defense industry, and defense workers all have a stake in it, and therefore pressure Congress for its continuance; the scientists and engineers continue to fashion new horror machines, and the generals deploy them.

—*The Progressive*
February 1976

LOST ILLUSIONS: Mr. J. Anthony Lukas, author of *Nightmare: The Underside of the Nixon Years*, offers some moral instruction, while providing a wealth of useful information for his nascent Boswell:

"...I believed when I became a *New York Times* foreign correspondent that my life would change, that my acne would disappear, that I would be suave and cool and debonair... [but] I found that my life did not change. I still have traces of acne..."

—*Washington Star*
February 25, 1976

A RAMPANCY OF PIETIES: One Raymond Bial, "writer, poet and photographer," waxes metaphysical, economical, sociopolitical, analytical, and puerile on the pages of *Commonweal*, where the Sermon on the Mount is regularly exposed in its more ridiculous variations:

As I listened to a popular Chicago radio station, I frequently heard the DJ cracking jokes about "losers." What the hell is a loser? Why should a society as rich as ours have any losers? Is it how a competitive system really works? If so, it is not only the most un-Christian value ever held, but one of the most anti-Christian.

—*Commonweal*
February 27, 1976

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR: New York's Episcopal Bishop, Paul Moore, on the occasion of his Easter diatribe, reveals his ability to speak in tongues; this time he has apparently chosen the tongue of Miss Shirley MacLaine:

In an Easter sermon that electrified some congregants and offended others at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Bishop Moore charged that businessmen who pulled out of the city were perpetuating a cycle of unemployment, crime and economic decline.

"Look over your city and weep, for your city is dying," the Bishop declared. "In sections of the Bronx, Brooklyn and Harlem, great hulks of buildings stand abandoned and burned."

Citing other instances in which "hope is dying," he asserted that "perhaps the most sinister" were reports that "the rats are leaving the sinking ship; businesses are leaving the city."

Exploring some "myths" about the situation, he said that most crimes by blacks were against other blacks and that white fears of black crime were "basically a racist attitude."

Another myth, he said, is that people and businesses outside the city limits have no responsibility to the city.

"The telephones they use, the airports where they land, the clothes they buy, the restaurants where they eat—all float on the back of the poor," he asserted.

Stressing that "it is not just a problem of New York" but of industrialized society, Bishop Moore said the very suburbs to which the corporations fled "become soul-less urban wastelands where social irresponsibility also slinks through the night to pull its victims down once more."

"There is nowhere to flee in a dying land," the Bishop said.

He declared that "we of the religious community will not stand by as this betrayal of the city takes place, because if it continues, we can look ahead to a nightmare town, resorting to physical repression of its frustrated victims made savage by despair."

He called on business leaders "to reverse your decisions and stay in the city."

"Cut through the fog of statistics and see the moral decisions behind them," he said. "Be part of the rising, not the dying!"

At one point, Bishop Moore, addressing several thousand people from the pulpit to the side of the high altar, remarked: "You may think this is a funny Easter sermon with no flowers, no bunny rabbits, no sunrise sermon."

—*New York Times*
April 19, 1976

INTELLECTUAL FREEDOM: Economist Milton Friedman delivers a few economic lectures in Chile and the liberty-loving *Nation* yells for the Feds. Why no such shouts when Dr. Galbraith journeys to the Soviet paradise?:

There should be some way for the government in Washington to stop this destructive nonsense and send Friedman & Co. back to their classrooms in Chicago, where the damage they can do is only to sound economic theory, not human lives.

—*The Nation*
April 3, 1976

AUTHORITATIVE SOURCE, INC.: Mellifluously pattering along in the curious language of the syndicated ideologue, Mr. Joseph Kraft reveals the low estate into which "populism" has fallen since the glory days of 1972, when every intimidated liberal looked to it for poultice and political salvation:

ORLANDO, Fla.—The primary here in Florida shows that the country is gradually nursing itself back to political health. Both parties rejected right-wing populists who had surged to prominence by skillful play on emotional and divisive issues.

—*Washington Post*
March 11, 1976

GOOD BOOKS, THE INCALCULABLE TREASURE: An example of the stupendous wisdom that is finally being published in the United States after years of rampant anti-intellectualism. Hail the New Order:

I have a vision of a team without coaches, without silly restrictions or rules. It would be a communal team where the players would live together, eat only the finest natural foods and practice yoga and transcendental meditation. The entire element of control from coaches would be gone. Each man would control himself so as to be his best. Each man would strive toward the goal of being good, but there would be no punishment for failure except the natural punishment of not being as good as you could be. Success would exclude failure and punishment, and winning and losing would be seen in only a relative sense. The outcome, the decision, of the game would be unimportant. The game itself, in fact, would all but disappear. The members of the team would do the Dance of Football.... I firmly believe in a team living together like that, as brothers sharing brown rice and doing everything in the spirit of meditation, including football practice....

—*High for the Game*, by Chip Oliver
(William Morrow & Co.)

THE TRUTH: The eloquent faith of former foreign service officer Lee Dinsmore, unveiled on the editorial page of the *New York Times*:

If the United States stopped today its whole weapons development activity, bridled the runaway military machine that now dominates our thinking in foreign relations, and turned our productive capacities to domestic needs, the resulting worldwide awareness of what we were doing for our economy and the people in our country would shake the Kremlin to its foundations and force internal change there as well.

—*New York Times*
March 12, 1976

SOUTHARD
(continued from page 37)

movements will disturb many of their admirers, and so it is worth looking at Gregor's argument in some detail. Gregor shows that Russia, China, Cuba, and other "Communist" nations share with Mussolini's Italy the monopolization of power by a single and avowedly radical party which, under the leadership of a charismatic chief, proceeds dictatorially to press heavy industrialization in the service of national armament. Like Mussolini, such regimes draw heavily on Marxist rhetoric (though rarely on Marxist philosophy) to win popular acceptance for programs of great economic austerity, and to legitimate policies which are really sustained programs of national assertion. Italian fascism was, in Gregor's analysis, a model of how to mobilize the masses for national development, and declassed and ambitious intellectuals followed Mussolini's example elsewhere, either by choice or by necessity. In consequence supposedly leftist dictatorships now resemble right-wing Italian fascism far more closely than they do the workers' state which Marx and Engels projected. By implication, fascism ceases to appear as a distinctive ideology and becomes instead a pattern of political behavior.

These contentions will irritate those who discriminate between dictatorships of the Right and the Left. But Gregor's conclusions may also be unsettling to those who share none of the elective affinities of modern radicalism. His argument extends the application of the term "fascist" beyond the confines of restricted usage, and some unbiased critics may object that where there is no exclusion there is no inclusion. Italian fascism is "paradigmatic" for later radicalisms because it came first. That fact gives fascist Italy pride of place and awards the word "fascist" the dubious honor of characterizing subsequent radical regimes. In the interests of clarity, however, might it not be well to label "fascist" only those European movements in the interwar period which found a common inspiration in the energetic rejection of the humane, liberal values which preceded their distinctive voluntarism and nihilism? This restriction in nomenclature would make European fascisms a subset of the larger set of "developmental dictatorships" with which Gregor deals. It would also leave intact argumentatively, though perhaps not rhetorically, the moral which one may draw from this study of modern radical behaviors: The distinction between totalitarianisms of the Left and the Right has blurred beyond recognition, and those adherents of liberal democracy who deplore the excesses of the older, right-wing European fascism have no cause to take comfort in the latter-day advance of self-professed dictatorships of the Left. □

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Abolish 'Reform'

Journalists, how they sing of their objectivity and lack of bias! Yet some spoil sports insist that journalists are forever slipping their own political views into every news story. Are you such a spoil sport? James Q. Wilson is. And Wilson, the noted Harvard professor of government, spoke eloquently of his observations in the May 1975 issue of The Alternative.

Professor Wilson mulled over the way journalists use the word "reform" to describe changes they like, for instance "campaign reform," "prison reform," "party reform," and so on. And he asked: what gives journalists the right to say these "reforms" are improvements? Aren't many of those institutions so in need of "reform" actually institutions that were hatched by "reformers" of the past? The world would be better off, Wilson advised, if we just retired this sweetly nuanced word.

One year later, "reform" still wobbles on, but if you read carefully, you will discover that journalists use the word much less frequently than before. Why? In part, because of The Alternative's growing influence. Within a month of the appearance of "Abolish 'Reform' " four major newspapers—the Washington Post, the Los Angeles Times, the Detroit News, and the Boston Globe—all asked for reprint rights to James Q. Wilson's article. The newspapers are not yet full-fledged co-conspirators to The Alternative's schemes, but they do pay close attention to what writers for The Alternative say.

In fact, intelligent people all over the country are beginning to pay close attention to The Alternative. They look forward every month to its fresh analyses of political and economic issues. They know they can expect articles by Malcolm Muggeridge, Irving Kristol, R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., and some of the best young writers in America. And they appreciate the kind of voluptuous belly laughs that the pages of The Alternative offer.

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